

STEAD'S

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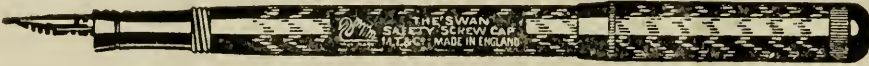
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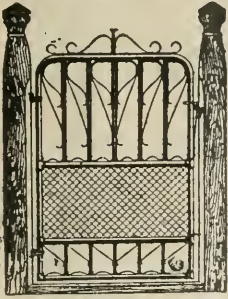


Fig. 246—4 ft. 6 in. high.

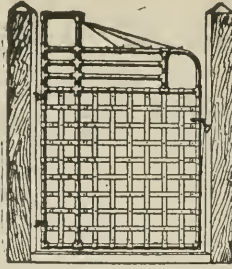


Fig. 244—4 ft. 6 in. high.

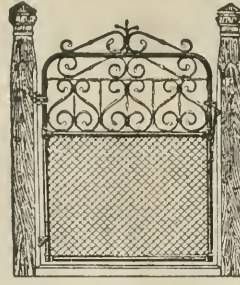


Fig. 188—4 ft. high.

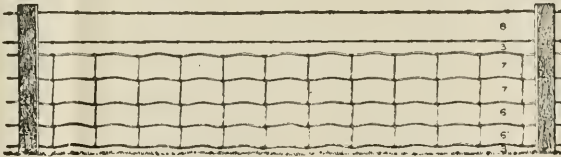
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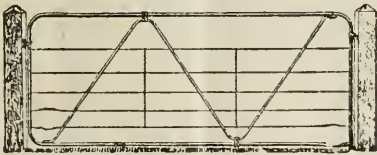


Fig. 120—Cyclone "N" Gate.

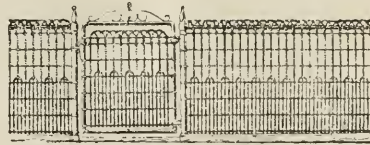


Fig. 39—Cyclone Ornamental Fence.

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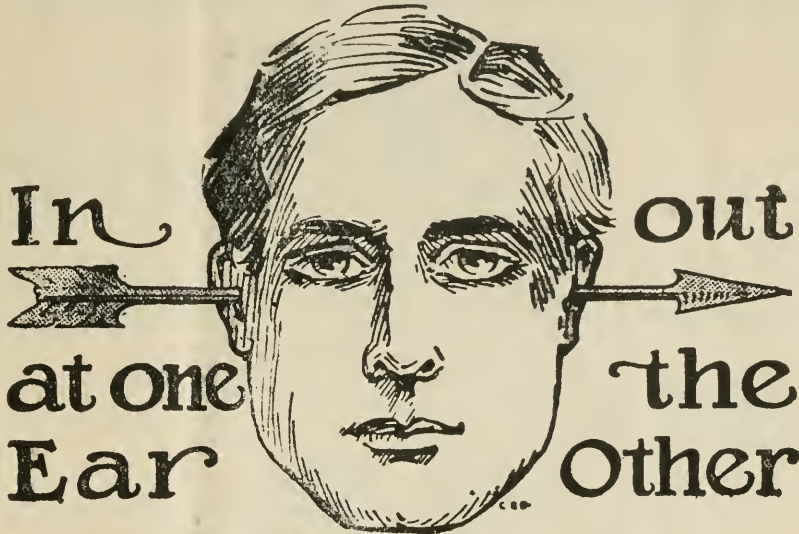
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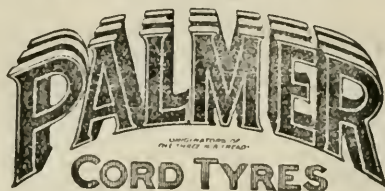
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CONTENTS OF STEAD'S REVIEW

For FEBRUARY 23rd, 1918.

	PAGE		PAGE
War Scenes	...	Frontispiece	
Progress of the World—		Progress of the World (Continued)—	
The First Peace Treaty	149	A Million Soldiers at Salonika	157
Russia Finally Out of the Struggle	149	Mr. Watt for Prime Minister	158
What Peace With Russia Means	150	Defeating Germany—With Our Mouths!	158
Will Germany Get Food?	150	The First Australian Baron	158
What the Disappearance of Russia's Armies Means	150	Catechism of the War—LXI.	159
A Late Realisation of the Situation	151	History in Caricature	163
The Raffalo Plan	151	A Statesman-Philosopher	169
Unity of Control Absolutely Essential	152	Russia's Eclipse	171
Political Troubles in England	152	General Petain	173
Lloyd George's Position	152	What of Armenia?	175
Peace Prospects	153	Belgian Farmers Under Germany	176
The American President and the British Prime Minister	153	A New View of the Napoleonic Struggle	177
No Military Decision This Year	153	Notable Books	179
At Brest-Litowski	153	Financial and Business Quarter	182
The Poles and Ukraina	154	The Winds of Chance. By Rex Beach	183
Roumania's Hopeless Plight	154	Esperanto Notes	191
Disquieting News from the West Front	155		
Will the Blow Fall in Italy?	155		
The Neutrality of Switzerland	156		
The Shipping Position	156		
A 5 Per Cent. Increase of Production in the United Kingdom	156		
Swedish Intervention Certain	157		

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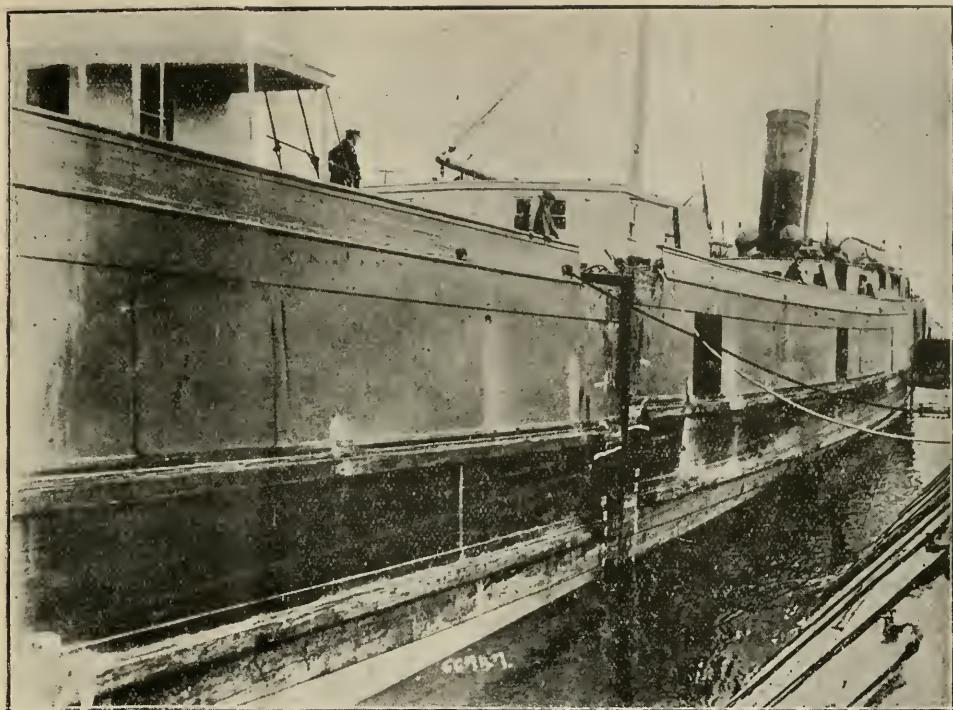
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safe to assume that at least half this number were really captured by the Russians, and will in due course return to Germany and Austria. These released prisoners alone will form a formidable army, prove a heavy reinforcement to the forces at Hindenburg's command.

Russia Finally Out of the Struggle.

It is true we are assured that great numbers of these men have settled down in Russia and Siberia, and will not return to fight, but it would be amazing if a really large proportion decided to remain permanently in Russia. We are prone to forget that all these men have family ties, and that the great majority must be as anxious to get home again as would Australian or English war prisoners be. I am afraid that we must reckon on practically all the German soldiers, at any rate, going back to Germany as soon as transportation permits. There are those who cheerfully assert that, owing to the chaotic condition of affairs in Russia it will still be necessary for the enemy to keep large armies on the frontier, and that, therefore, the peace made at Brest-Litowski will really advantage them little. A moment's thought shows the foolishness of this assumption. Nor

only have the Russian armies disintegrated, even if a great force could be collected together to strike across the frontier it would lack proper equipment, and the whole sad story of the heroic struggles of the Russian armies loudly demonstrates that troops ill-supplied with the latest and most up-to-date artillery, and huge quantities of shells, have not the slightest chance of success. Long before a notable body of soldiers could be assembled at any point on the eastern front the enemy would know of it, and a quick concentration of a small, but magnificently armed and well-trained force, would be all that was necessary. To lead unarmed men against such an enemy would be suicidal, and the Germans know it. What our hopeful critics seem to fail to realise is that there is no longer any Russian army. There has been no efficient striking force on the Russian frontier for months. If we had no other sources of information Lloyd George's speech would entirely demonstrate this. His declaration that the enemy had already transferred huge bodies of troops from east to west effectively shatters the smug complacency of those who fondly believe that Russia still threatens the enemy. All that the Germans need in the east is a strong police force to keep order in the Provinces they at present occupy, until such time as these shall have set up some form of stable government.

What Peace With Russia Means.

We may take it, then, that the result of the Brest-Litowski conference is to enable Germany to at once reinforce her western armies by a million men, and, later, when the prisoners get back, by another quarter million or so. Further, that peace with Ukrainia, and the coming peace with Roumania, will liberate more than a million Austrians, who, should the enemy General Staff decide to again strike at Italy, would storm down into Lombardy from the Trentino. Lloyd George admits that already the German armies in the west, thanks to Russia's collapse, have been much more formidably strengthened than have the Allied armies by the arrival of the Americans. Obviously then during 1918 that condition of affairs must continue, and only when the mighty American armies have arrived in France, can the Allies look for actual numerical superiority sufficient to enable them to assume a great offensive. Victory in the field is the first string to our bow, and, as I have shown, owing to the defection of the great Muscovite nation, that string is not likely to wing the arrow

of triumphant success this year. Our other string—attrition and the starvation of the Central peoples by means of blockade—has recently been tautened, but the treaty of Brest-Litowski must badly slacken it.

Will Germany Get Food?

Russia is on the verge of starvation, say our optimists, therefore this regrettable peace will in reality not relieve the food situation in Germany and Austria in the least. Indeed, the acquisition of Poland and the other Provinces means that Germany has other famished peoples thrust on her hands, so that actually, instead of benefiting, the enemy will have increased burdens to carry. That sounds a good argument, but its fallacy is only too easily exposed. First of all, whilst Russians are admittedly starving, in certain districts, that is due to the hopeless condition of the railways, and to the refusal of the peasants to sell their produce for paper money. Even if we assume that last year the mujiks and the small farmers neglected to cultivate their fields and grew only enough to supply their own needs the great harvests of 1914, 1915 and 1916 cannot all have disappeared. Much, of course, may have been wantonly destroyed, but much must remain stored where it was grown, in South Russia. The depreciated paper rouble failed to purchase anything from the peasant, but German gold will inevitably act as a magnet, which will quickly draw supplies across the frontier, and, if need arise, Germany has plenty of gold available. Our blockade, cutting her off from the rest of the world, made it impossible for her to get supplies, and she had, therefore, no occasion to send any gold out of the country. But it is unlikely that any gold would be needed. The Russians have got back to the old method of barter, and the peasant, in urgent need of clothes, of implements and other necessities, will readily exchange his cattle, and sheep, and pigs, and wheat, for these. The rouble, originally worth 2/11, is valued at less than 5d. to-day, and outside the towns would not purchase anything like 5d. worth of supplies. The mujik is suspicious of paper money, and no wonder. The traveller through Siberia with his pocket-book bulging with notes, fares far worse than he who takes some old clothes with him, for a worn coat has real value, and a rouble has none just now.

What the Disappearance of Russia's Armies Means.

If we even go so far as to assume that there are no superfluous supplies at all in

South Russia, with an assured market at hand, the peasants will quickly get busy, and wheat will be available in August. In this connection, it is significant that the most advanced methods of cultivation are employed in the rich lands of Podolia, Poltava, Karkoff and Kieff. Provinces immediately contiguous to the Austrian border. It is easier to send produce from these districts to the Central Empires than to send it to Petrograd, Moscow or Odessa. Russia is a great producer of flax, and much of it is grown in the Baltic Provinces. Now that settlement of the occupied territory is being taken in hand, the resources of Poland, Courland, Livonia, and the rest will undoubtedly be more available than they have been hitherto. Even if turmoil continues in Russia, if railways continue disorganised and communication remains difficult Germany will get food and certain other things from Ukraina, Roumania and the occupied territories which she failed to get last year. If the magnet of enemy gold draws supplies from Russia proper then great quantities of wool and cotton, of beef and mutton, of petroleum and flax will pour into the markets of Berlin and Vienna. To my mind it is sheer foolishness to pretend that the going out of Russia will not have any very serious result on the fortunes of the Allies. The actual conclusion of peace at Brest-Litowski is a small matter. The damage was done before then when the Russian armies began to melt.

A Late Realisation of the Situation.

It is amazing to me to find people who regard the peace treaty as a staggering blow to the Allies, but who, until it was concluded, regarded Russia as still a force to be reckoned with, whereas Russia was obviously out of it months ago. Even those in high authority seem to have failed to realise that, for we find Mr. Lloyd George stating that his announcement of last November, that the War Council was not intended to have executive functions, was based on the assumption that Russia would not cease to be a factor in the struggle. Her disappearance was the reason why supreme authority had to be vested in the War Council for "the situation had become very much more menacing." There is no doubt that the British Prime Minister told us nothing but the bare truth—the situation is far more menacing to-day than it has ever been. It was perfectly obvious that this spring would bring peace by negotiation, or far more furious war than we had experienced

hitherto, and it behoved those charged with the direction of national affairs to prepare for both contingencies. To prepare for them, not in February, 1918, but in November, 1917.

The Raffalo Plan.

In the latter month Mr. Lloyd George went to Italy and there had a conference with French and Italian leaders. The result was the announcement of the creation of a new Inter-Allied General Staff, the head of which was to be Count Cadorna—the Italian General who had just suffered disaster—with General Foch and General Sir Henry Wilson as colleagues, and the formation of a Supreme War Council, "for the more efficient co-ordination of the *Entente* military energies and a more vigorous prosecution of the war along definite and unified lines." As the conference took place at Raffalo, near Genoa, the scheme is generally known as the "Raffalo plan." It was when explaining this that Lloyd George made his "brutally frank" speech in Paris. His speech, and the plan itself, roused a storm of opposition in England, and brought about a political crisis. The Prime Minister tided this over by declaring that the Council "was to have no executive power whatever, was to be merely advisory, that final decisions in the matter of strategy and the distribution and movements of the various armies in the field would rest with the several Governments of the Allies." The fear expressed by the critics of the Raffalo plan was that it would bring the commanders in the field under political control, for the War Council was to consist of "the Prime Minister and a member of the Government of each of the great Powers whose armies are fighting at the front"—entirely a civilian body. Now, however, the Allies realise that Russia is definitely out of it, and have suddenly wakened up to the fact that the whole situation has become menacing. Whilst the absolute surrender of power by the representatives of the people is abhorrent to a democracy, there can be no question whatever that divided command has always made for inefficiency. One of the greatest advantages the enemy have always had over us is that their armies moved as one, on a common plan, whereas ours did not. If the British attacked at the Somme enemy troops were immediately rushed to the spot from the Verdun sector or the Flanders front, but when the Germans threw their masses at Verdun the French had to rely entirely upon themselves

to repulse the assault. When the Germans thrust at Ypres the British had to rally their reserves to hold the position. There was no rapid rush of Allied troops irrespective of nationality to repel attack.

Unity of Control Absolutely Essential.

Clearly if the enemy offensive became still more formidable, it would be necessary to concentrate all available forces to resist it, and it is only common sense to make arrangements whereby this can be done smoothly and effectively. It may be against all our democratic upbringing to hand the conduct of the war entirely over to a Council in which Great Britain might easily be outvoted, to acquiesce in our troops being controlled by Frenchmen, Belgians or Italians, but having already done violence to our democratic principles so greatly in order that the war might be prosecuted with vigour, to rebel now seems absurd. Unity of control is the only sane thing now, if, instead of trying to conclude peace, we are determined to fight on. The foe we have to meet was never so formidable. The Italian disaster has thrown the Italian front into line with the western one, and from the North Sea to the Adriatic there ought to be unity of command. This front runs almost directly south-east from West-ende to the mouth of the Piave River, broken by Switzerland, where its frontiers meet those of Germany and France west of Basel, and those of Italy and Austria at the Stelvio Pass. When the Austrians smash down from the Trentino towards Milan or endeavour to cut through to Verona, the Italians should not be left unaided to stand the terrific shock. Nor should the French, assailed violently in the Campaigne, lack immediately British, Italian or American reinforcements. Experience of German methods should convince us that if indeed the enemy contemplate dealing a decisive blow in the spring, nothing will be left to chance. It will be an offensive beside which even that of Verdun will seem slight, and to effectively counter it will require the utmost resources of all the Allies. That can only be achieved if a single General Staff has entire command of all the Allied armies in the field.

Political Troubles in England.

It is unlikely that anyone would contradict that, but it is entirely possible that the War Council proposed by Lloyd George is not the best solution. Its members are politicians, and there is undoubtedly the danger

that political control over the commanders in the field might be exercised, to the detriment of military efficiency. For so astute a tactician in the political field Lloyd George has gone about the carrying out of the Raffalo plan in extraordinary fashion. Instead of using his unrivalled gifts of persuasion he first of all delivers a bombshell in the shape of his brutally frank speech, then denies that, though he had denounced advisory bodies wholesale, the new War Council had any executive power, and finally agrees to the granting of supreme executive authority to the Council without even mentioning the matter at all to Parliament. No wonder the representatives of the people are angry. It is not what he did but the way he did it that has apparently set up the backs of a large minority in the House. He obviously intends to bluff it through, but it is foolish to deny that he has greatly weakened his own position.

Lloyd George's Position.

It is very doubtful whether he will be able to get Parliament to agree to a further extension of its life, and if he has to face a general election on the new franchise, he cannot hope to win back to power. He holds office at present thanks to the Conservatives, and to the political truce, which Mr. Asquith has scrupulously kept thus far. The old leader of the Liberals controls the party organisation, whilst Lloyd George and his few personal followers have no electoral machine at all. He would have to rely upon his friends the Conservatives to carry him back to office. They might possibly secure a majority over the Asquith following, but not over Liberal and Labour together, and Labour will be a very important factor in the situation. Mr. Henderson is already at work organising for the election. He is in touch with the workers, whilst the leaders in Parliament are no longer. He proposes to run a Labour candidate for almost every constituency, and reckons that the 2,000,000 votes the new Franchise Bill will add to Labour's total will enable him to lead back a strong and vigorous party to Parliament. Lloyd George has secured the support of the present Labour members, but he may not get that of the new men. The differences which have developed between the Parliamentary leaders and the rank and file outside make it pretty evident that many of the present supporters of Lloyd George in the House will not be there after the next election. The Liberal rump that has

followed the Prime Minister will, perforce, have to ally itself with the Conservatives for electioneering purposes, but it is unlikely that Lloyd George would find his allies as pliant as Mr. Hughes did his at the last election. Support him they would, but hardly make him Prime Minister again.

Peace Prospects.

Coming from the Conference at Paris, Lloyd George declares that there is no chance of peace—and regrets it. He assures us that “he is profoundly disappointed with the replies made by the German Chancellor and the Austrian Foreign Minister.” President Wilson, on the other hand, whilst strongly criticising von Hertling’s reply, finds that Count Czernin spoke in “a very friendly tone.” Considers that he sees the “fundamental elements of peace with clear eyes,” and “feels that Austria can respond to the purpose of peace as expressed by the United States with less embarrassment than could Germany.” When we read the criticisms on the two speeches we again realise how inadequate were the summaries sent us here. It was of the first importance that we should know what the Austrian Foreign Minister said in his “friendly” speech, but actually the skimpy extracts cabled gave little or no idea of what he actually said. From the President’s remarks we gather that he admitted that “the re-establishment of Poland was an international concern,” that “Belgium must be evacuated and restored, no matter what sacrifices and concession that that may involve,” and “that national aspirations must be satisfied even within his own Empire in the common interest of Europe and mankind.” These are all highly important admissions, of which hitherto we have been in entire ignorance. After reading President Wilson’s address it is somewhat surprising to contemplate Lloyd George’s statements. According to the British Prime Minister, Count Czernin, so far from admitting that national aspirations must be satisfied even in Austria made the bald statement “that it was none of the Allies’ business to enquire,” and Lloyd George went on to say that the Austrian statesman had “resolutely refused to discuss any terms which might be regarded as possible peace terms.” One cannot but wonder whether London obtained as full a report of the Count’s statement as did Washington, for the Prime Minister went on to say that “no satisfactory answer had been given in regard to Poland and Bel-

gium,” whereas the President tells us that Czernin said Belgium must be evacuated and compensated, and that the Polish question was a matter of European concern! Even our meagre report mentioned that von Hertling declared that it was no part of the German programme to annex Belgium or the occupied parts of France.

The American President and the British Prime Minister.

Lloyd George’s method of dealing with the speeches of the enemy statesmen is to declare that the war must go on, and that “we must make the preparations that are necessary in order to establish international right in the world.” Having definitely decided that there is no hope of peace, Lloyd George rightly devotes himself to preparing for the terrific trial ahead. President Wilson on the other hand takes up the two speeches and deals with them seriatim—he continues, that is to say, the discussion of peace. The President finds little he can agree with in the Chancellor’s speech but is evidently strongly inclined to accept the Austrian suggestion and enter into further negotiations.

No Military Decision This Year.

We are to have it seems another long and weary year during which we must strain our every endeavour to prevent the enemy from breaking through. Exhausted by their efforts, having suffered enormous losses in their vain attempts, we then hope to find them so weakened that, with American help, we can crush them in the field. That apparently is the programme before us. Whether it will be more successful than those which have preceded it time only can show.

At Brest-Litowski.

As usual, we are left very much in the dark as to what actually happened at Brest-Litowski. It is lamentable that this should be so because we know that the Russians at any rate send out full accounts of the proceedings by wireless and the Germans, too, give their version to the world by the same means. What object there can be in withholding publication of these reports it is difficult to understand, but held up in England they obviously are. Therefore, we are reduced to piecing together the meagre information which has come through, and by other events endeavouring to judge what must have happened. Peace with some Ukrainian delegates has been made; that

much we do know, but we are ignorant as to which group negotiations were carried on with. In view of the fact that the Germans appear to be satisfied that the Ukrainian question has been settled, so far as they are concerned, it would seem that some sort of arrangement had been come to between the Rada and the Soviets, and if that has been done internal affairs in the new State may soon be expected to reach settlement. It seems certain that the Austro-Germans finally induced the Ukrainians to make peace by promising them help against the Bolsheviks and the Great Russians, rather than by offering to hand over Bukowina and Galicia for inclusion in the South Russian Republic, for, in the peace terms, it is distinctly stated that the pre-war frontier between Austria and Russia is to be re-established. Some light is thrown upon the violent opposition of the Poles to the treaty by the stipulation therein that the Central Powers are to evacuate occupied territory. This suggests that Ukrainia will embrace the whole of Volhynia, for only in that province have the enemy occupied any part of what may be regarded as South Russia. Now the Poles, although only forming 5 per cent. of the rather dense population of Volhynia, regard the western portion of that province as belonging to Poland. Still it is hardly conceivable that they could have expected to get any of it, and the resignation of the Polish members in the Austrian Reichsrat, the draping of Cracow with crape suggest that ever greater violence has been done to their aspiring hopes. If actually the boundaries of Ukrainia have been fixed still further west that would mean that Lublin would be lost to Poland, and the Vistula, not the Bug, would frontier that State.

The Poles and Ukrainia.

The difficulty with the Poles is that they dream of the creation of another Poland which will embrace all those territories once ruled by them in the Middle Ages, and they refuse to rest satisfied with less. Not only this, but they appear to be unable to arrive at any decision amongst themselves as to the form of Government best suited for them. The ethnical boundary of Poland would seem to be the Bug River, from the Galician frontier to Brest-Litowski, and thence due north to Grodno, but the Poles desire to include within their new domain all the territory they possessed before the first partition in 1772. That is to say, all Galicia, the fertile Ukrainian provinces of

Podolia, Kieff, and Volhynia, the White Russian provinces of Podlesia and Minsk, the Lithuanian provinces of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno, Vitebsk, and Mogileff, and the Baltic province of Courland. Such a dream is of course utterly unrealisable, but it is possible that the handing over of the whole of that part of Volhynia occupied by the Central Powers to Ukrainia is the first definite indication to the Poles that the best they can hope for is the restoration of a State whose boundaries would follow those Prussia, Russia and Austria gave to the lesser Poland they permitted to continue a separate kingdom after the second partition in 1793. It is possible of course that, if Poland came in as a third member of the Austrian Empire, it might secure Cracow, and the western half of Galicia, but if a semi-independent State is to be created it is likely to have even less territory than which used to be known as Russian Poland. What is quite clear is that the Poles consider that they have been sacrificed in favour of the Ukrainians. But whilst they show this in no uncertain manner they are also engaged in open war with the Great Russians, the only people who might possibly force the Ukrainians to surrender territory to them. The fatal differences amongst the Poles makes it certain that in the end outside Powers will set up a Government for them, and see that they rest quietly under it. If the anger of the Poles may be taken as a guide, we must conclude that the idea of conciliating them by creating a greater Poland under Austrian control has been abandoned. That being so, Germany will probably go ahead with the establishment of a Kingdom of Lithuania which would include all the occupied territory to the east of Poland proper from the Pripiet River to the Gulf of Riga. The inclusion of such a kingdom in the German Empire is unlikely, but it would undoubtedly be under German control. Already, as we see, the Poles are fighting the Russians, so that a buffer State now exists between Germany and her old enemy. The peace with Ukrainia makes it no longer necessary to defend the Galician frontier, and the coming peace with Roumania will finally liberate the last Austrian force from the eastern front.

Roumania's Hopeless Plight.

Cables, it is true, tell us that the Roumanians are resolved to defy the Central Powers and stand or fall with the Allies. The Roumanians have loyally stood by us,

but circumstances will prove far too strong for them, and they will be forced to make peace for the same reasons that they were forced to conclude an armistice after asserting that they would never do so. It is quite impossible for Great Britain, America or France to send King Ferdinand any assistance whatever. Not a single soldier or a single gun can now reach the Roumanians from the outside. To the east of them is Ukraina, no longer at war, pledged, we may be absolutely sure, not so supply war materials to the Roumanian army. What possible advantage will it be to the Allies if the brave forces of King Ferdinand are wiped out, as wiped out they would inevitably be if they prove obdurate. Offered Bessarabia—Ukrainia must have fallen in with the wishes of the Central Powers in that matter—the Roumanians will certainly accept and make peace even though they are forced to hand over the Dobrudja to Bulgaria. As pointed out last time, providing the Austro-Germans restore all the territory they now occupy, Roumania will come very well indeed out of the bargain. It is generally understood that the Allies offered Roumania Transylvania and Bukovina to induce her to enter the war against Austria and Germany, and that the Central Powers offered her Bessarabia. The Roumanians after much hesitation joined the Allies, and the irony of the situation is that, although badly smashed by the Austro-Germans, they in the end get Bessarabia all the same! Under the circumstances it would be an exceedingly lucky bargain if only the Dobrudja is lost to them, and they win their old province back in exchange. Ere these lines appear, peace will probably have been made. If it has not been signed by then the signatures will probably be appended shortly afterwards.

Disquieting News from the West Front.

As far as the situation on the west front is concerned, Lloyd George's speech disclosed its gravity, and other statements made by Ministers give cause for uneasiness. The Prime Minister admitted that last year the Allies had "an overwhelming superiority of troops on the west front, but gradually, even rapidly, that superiority had diminished, especially during the last few weeks. During 1917 our numerical superiority was "overwhelming," yet what real progress were our forces able to make? They made a slight advance in Flanders, wiped out the danger-

out salient at Ypres, followed the retiring Germans to the Hindenburg line, and launched a surprise attack at Cambrai whose success was quickly dimmed. The French storming against St. Quentin suffered a bloody reverse, but won back lost ground at Verdun in splendid fashion. Here and there slight advances were made, but there was no real indication that our armies ever came near piercing through the enemy defences. Our superiority is now being diminished, despite the arrival of 500,000 American soldiers in France, and we are hastily preparing to defend ourselves against the anticipated enemy assault which may be delivered at any moment anywhere in France, Flanders or Italy.

Will the Blow Fall in Italy?

Despite the announcement of enemy concentration in the west, I should not be at all surprised if the expected blow fell on Italy, not on France. I have consistently held the view that neither side can break the French front, providing always that the Allies have taken the reasonable precautions German preparations suggest, and have plenty of reserve defensive lines in their rear. To suppose that these precautions have not been taken is to assume the lessons of the last three years have been wasted on our military leaders. In Italy, however, the situation is altogether different. When spring comes again and the Trentino roads are once more passable, it would be quite possible for the Austro-Germans to sweep down from the Trentino, west of Lake Garda, and success there would compel retirement from the Piave line. If the enemy got as far as Brescia the Italian armies would have to fall back to the Adige River, abandoning Venice, Padua and Verona to the foe. To prevent the enemy from cutting right through to Genoa the Allies would have to hasten great reinforcements to Italy, thus weakening their armies in the west. Then would come the German thrust in France. Whether such a plan is adopted or not will depend upon the Austrians, for Austrian troops would be mainly employed in an Italian campaign, and the Government at Vienna, anxious to secure peace, might not agree to a new offensive. From the German point of view, it would obviously be a good move, as it would drag Allied troops from the western front to fight Austrians who could not be utilised in France or Flanders, would, that is to say, compel

French, British and American soldiers to go and seek fresh opponents who could not be induced to meet them save in Italy. It would be the Salonika business over again on a more formidable scale. The Austrians may refuse to assist Germany in this way, but if they consent it is, I think, pretty obvious that the immediate danger point will be in Italy, not in France. A successful offensive in Italy might have disastrous consequences, apart altogether from the opening it might give the German armies in the west. If the enemy seriously invaded Lombardy it would cripple Italy, and cut her in twain. This would throw a still heavier burden upon France and Great Britain, for the Italian peninsula could then only be reached by water, and all the manufacturing districts of the north would fall into German hands, or remain isolated and useless so far as Italy and her armies were concerned. The need for regarding the Italian and French fronts as one is obvious enough, but the decision to so regard them indicates that the Allied commanders do anticipate a resumption of the Italian campaign in the near future.

The Neutrality of Switzerland.

Suggestions are again made that the Germans propose to send troops through Switzerland, but the advantage of so doing is not very apparent. The French must surely have foreseen such a contingency, and have made all provision for the possibility of an enemy thrust through Switzerland at Besancon, which, if successful, would compel the withdrawal of the army of Alsace, and possibly the abandonment of Verdun. But for such a drive to succeed the Germans would have to find France unprepared, and, in any case, they would have to reckon with the hardy Switzers, whose prowess in their mighty hills in times past does not suggest that they would tamely allow their territories to be overrun. At the same time there is no use blinking the fact that if the German military chiefs think victory can be won by passing through Switzerland they will not hesitate to send their armies across the frontier. All things considered, I do not think it likely, but we have to remember that if a decision in the field is regarded as necessary before peace can be won, the Germans will take great risks, but calculated risks always, don't forget.

The Shipping Position.

Submarine sinkings are up again, and once more those of Italian ships are propor-

tionately far the heaviest. This shows that the underwater craft are as dangerous as ever in the Mediterranean. Lord Jellicoe declares that the menace is by no means over, and strongly deprecates the confident utterances of Ministers on the subject. Whilst his statement is disquieting, far more serious is the official announcement of Mr. Bonar Law concerning the tonnage which had been turned out of British yards last year. Lloyd George's optimistic comparisons had led everyone to believe that the output of 1917 lagged not at all behind that of 1913, the British record year for shipbuilding, and all calculations as to the output of 1918 were based on the assumption that at least a million more tons would be launched during this year than in 1917. Mr. Bonar Law stated, "They had built 1,163,474 tons of new shipping during 1917, and had bought 170,000 tons abroad." The tonnage built in 1913 totalled 1,907,000 tons. We hoped a great deal, too, from the American shipyards, but, according to a semi-official statement issued at Washington, only 900,000 tons at the outside were built in the United States during 1917, for the combined tonnage of the two countries is given at 2,064,000 tons. The same statement estimates the submarine sinkings at 6,000,000 tons during last year. Cables from America are not very reassuring concerning shipbuilding at the present moment, as they refer to squandered money, the ordering of investigations and strikes in shipyards. However, no doubt the output of 1918 will be much greater. It has been stated, for instance, that at least a million more tons will be turned out from British yards during 1918 than came from them in 1917, and America promises a "tremendous increase."

A 5 per cent. Increase of Production in the United Kingdom.

It is possible, though, that the situation may be relieved by increased production in Great Britain. Even if shipbuilding cannot keep pace with sinkings the growing of extra crops in Allied countries, by making the people less and less dependent on supplies from overseas, would make it possible for fewer ships to transport the needed food. Mr. Herbert Samuel, former Home Secretary, declared that after all the talk the arable area in the United Kingdom had only been increased by 5 per cent., and that, after eight months wasted over National Service, the scheme had ended in confusion.

He also said that the shipping construction plan had been a great disappointment. It was in answer to his criticism that Mr. Bonar Law gave the official figures, which certainly confirm Mr. Samuel's contention about failure in shipbuilding. In reply to the declaration that only 5 per cent. more land had been brought under cultivation, the leader of the House said that an additional 1,000,000 acres had been ploughed in 1917, and 850,000 tons more cereals and 3,000,000 tons more potatoes had been produced. He anticipated the cultivation of a further 800,000 acres in England during 1918, and 4,000,000 more acres were to go under the plough in Scotland and Ireland. Now, whilst these figures sound comforting they actually prove Mr. Samuel right in what he said. The arable land in the United Kingdom before the war was 19,500,000 acres, so that the 1,000,000 mentioned by Mr. Bonar Law is just about 5 per cent. increase. In 1914 the potato crop of the United Kingdom was 7,500,000 tons; in 1916 it was 5,500,000 tons, so that actually the 1917 crop was only 1,000,000 tons more than that of an ordinary year. The 850,000 tons more cereals is a difficult figure to compare with ordinary production as returns are made in bushels and oats, barley and wheat differ greatly in weight. However, roughly in 1915 there were 6,000,000 tons of cereals produced in the United Kingdom, so that the increase is notable, though the crops of 1916 were smaller than those of 1915. Still the 10 of 12 per cent. increase shown does not go very far towards meeting the 75 per cent. increase needed if Great Britain is to be self-supporting, and France and Italy have to be considered also.

Swedish Intervention Certain.

Matters in Finland appear to be going from bad to worse, and if the reports concerning the horrible doings of the Red Guards on the Aland Islands are correct, the intervention of Sweden cannot be long delayed. My readers are already fully aware of the relation of the Swedes to the Finnish question, but it is perhaps well to emphasise that if they send armed forces into Finland it does not at all mean that they are entering the struggle against the Allies or against the Central Powers. They would merely desire to save their cousins from again bowing beneath the Muscovite yoke, and to make sure that the Russian menace against their own country was banished for ever. It is unlikely that a Fin-

land, finally liberated by Swedish soldiers, would accept the sway of the Swedish King, but it is entirely probable that the new republic would enter into the closest sort of offensive and defensive alliance with Sweden. The Finns would need to do that to secure them from further Russian aggression, and it would also afford them protection against exploitation by the Germans. Once Finland wins her independence a new era for the country would dawn, and the Swedes would naturally be active in developing the resources of the country, building railway lines and the like. It is, perhaps, significant that the Russians selected a route for their railway to the ice free port of Alexandrowsk, on the Arctic Sea, which passed nowhere through Finland. It would have been easier to utilise the existing railway to Tornea, and to have constructed only the stretch from there to the Murnan coast, but the Tsar's advisers decided otherwise. If Russia, blocked by Ukrainia from the Black Sea, hampered by Lithuania and Finland on the Baltic, is obliged to send her produce through her northern ports, Alexandrowsk is likely to develop amazingly, and an all Russian railway to it is highly necessary. That, at any rate, the war has given Russia.

A Million Soldiers at Salonika!

It is somewhat surprising to learn that there have been no withdrawals at all of Allied troops from Salonika, and that, as soon as the Greeks have completed the mobilisation of their army, estimated at 400,000 men, the Allies count on having a million men available at Salonika for the impending drive. In view of the demand for men, and the difficulties which have arisen over the Government's combing out proposals, it is somewhat amazing to find that no less than 600,000 men have been immobilised at Salonika for two years and more. The Allies must indeed have great faith in their ultimate ability to smash Bulgaria, for the time has long passed when a formidable advance from Salonika could have rescued Serbia or have lessened the fatal pressure upon Roumania. With the whole of Wallachia in the hands of the enemy, and peace between Roumania and the Central Powers hourly anticipated, it is difficult to see what the Salonika army can do. It may attempt the invasion of Bulgaria, with the object of ultimately cutting its way through to the Black Sea, and thus isolating Turkey, but in view of the difficulties of the country, the lack of railways

and roads, apart altogether from the resistance the Bulgarians, Turks, Germans, and Austrians may be expected to put up, it is highly improbable that much progress would be made. Although the Allies now entirely dominate Greece, it is foolish to imagine that the army, in which there must be thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, of men who still cling to King Constantine, is a very dependable weapon. An unfortunate reverse to the Salonika army would certainly hearten the anti-Allied faction in Greece. The unfortunate thing about the Salonika army is that, whilst it consists of over half a million French and British troops, it has opposed to it only Bulgarians and Turks, who cannot be utilised in any other theatre of war at the present time, for obviously the Turks are not attempting to carry out a campaign in Mesopotamia, or to seriously resist the advancing forces under General Allenby in Palestine. Thus, whilst the maintenance of this army at Salonika is a serious drain on the Allies, it does not force the Germans to detach a single man from their western front.

Mr. Watt for Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister has been invited to go to England to represent the Commonwealth at the forthcoming Imperial Conference, and it is said he will soon be hastening home to give British statesmen the benefit of his advice. The question which is agitating the minds of politicals now is whether he will go alone or whether he will take someone from the conservative wing of the party along with him. Speculation is also rife as to who will be left in charge of affairs during his absence, whilst not a few are fervently hoping that he will remain away for ever! As there is some hope of that being the case, the choice of Acting Prime Minister is fraught with greater significance than it was on the occasion of Mr. Hughes' last trip. The best man for the post is undoubtedly Mr. Watt, and plenty of people would rejoice if appointed Acting Prime Minister he remained permanently in that high office. We want things done, having had a surfeit of talk which leads to nothing, and Mr. Watt seems more able to get things done than any of his colleagues. After the eloquent orations of Mr. Hughes—which come to nothing—it will be a great relief to have someone in charge of Australian affairs who is more concerned with carrying out plans than drawing up beautiful schemes with which to tickle the ears of enthusiastic audiences and whose usefulness ends there.

Defeating Germany—With Our Mouths!

Mr. Hughes, by the way, as a sort of farewell flutter, has worked out another of these schemes which, as launched from the platform at the Town Hall, ought of itself to solve all the post-war problems of Australia, but in actual fact is unlikely to achieve anything more than the creation of yet another Department of State, with a highly-paid Minister in charge, and great offices filled with busy (?) clerks and large salaried officials. It is as if Mr. Hughes, who two years ago told the British people what they ought to do to combat the German menace, explained how they ought to organise industries and introduce efficient methods, had suddenly woke up to the fact that he had himself failed to put his advice into practice. Now, however, that omission has been remedied, for everything is practically arranged. He mounts the platform and shows the way; that is the great thing, of course. Once people know what Mr. Hughes considers the right thing to do they immediately get to work, and do it, and, hey presto! we are prepared for the most frightful and dastardly sort of competition once the war is over. Now that Mr. Hughes has organised Australian industries and created a Department of Trade and Industry—in a speech—he can go to England and say: "Organise for the trade after the war as they have organised in Australia! Wake up, and employ efficient methods; delay no longer. Australia shows you the way!"

The First Australian Baron.

If Mr. Watt heads the Government, Mr. Cook will probably go home with Mr. Hughes, and the Australian delegation, like that of New Zealand, will be two-headed. Someone ought to accompany Mr. Hughes, that is obvious, and Mr. Cook, as leader of the Liberal Party, is the natural selection. The Federal Treasurer has, unfortunately, been seriously ill, and is not able to take an active part in politics at present. Whilst some critics have been found who object to any barony being conferred on an Australian, no one suggests that Lord Forrest does not deserve the high honour which the King has done him. There is no Australian to-day who can better carry it. As explorer, pioneer, statesman, builder up of a great State, and leader in the Federal Parliament, he has done splendid work. Australia regards him as one of her greatest sons, and rejoices that he has been selected to be the first peer of the Commonwealth.

CATECHISM OF THE WAR—LXI.

Q.—Is it true that all Italians of military age in Australia have been called up, and must return to Italy to join the army?

A.—That is so. All men between the ages of 20 and 44 inclusive have to report themselves at the Italian Consulates, and are to repair to Italy as promptly as possible.

Q.—Are married men included in the order?

A.—All Italians of military age, no matter whether married or single, must go. Service in the Italian army is compulsory and universal. In the last resort there are no exemptions at all, although in ordinary times barely a third of the men attaining military age are trained.

Q.—But would the withdrawal of all the able-bodied Italians in the Commonwealth not result in very serious distress amongst their dependants?

A.—Of course it would. Even if the Italian Government made some arrangement by which the separation allowances were on a far higher scale than those in force in Italy there would be great hardships. To withdraw all the men at one fell swoop seems foolish, as if only the unmarried, say, went, it would be possible for those who remained to see to their dependants, but if all the men are taken, their wives, children, and often old parents would become a burden on the Commonwealth and State Governments.

Q.—Are there many Italians in Australia?

A.—At the census of 1911 there were 6719 who had been born in Italy, and since that date over 6000 have entered the Commonwealth. Some of these may have been residents here, however. The number of unnaturalised Italians of military age is not exactly known, but it is estimated that they run into thousands.

Q.—Have any other nationalities been called up also?

A.—Certain classes of Frenchmen have been called to the colours, but there are very few French people in Australia altogether. It is said that the Greeks, a much more numerous community, are to be called up also. Over 6500 Greeks entered the Commonwealth during the four years before the war began. The calling up of these

men would be as serious a matter as the calling up of the Italians. If all liable go, many thousands of children and women would be deprived of their bread-winners. According to our law the children born in Australia to an Italian father are all regarded as Australian citizens, and do not appear in the statistics as Italians at all. The birthrate in the Italian community is large, and the married men all have many dependants.

Q.—Ought not something to be done in the matter?

A.—Of course it ought, and no doubt it will be. Many of these men who came out as children do not even speak Italian, and to send them to Italy would be absurd. Hitherto the Italian Government has refrained from calling up its subjects in the remote parts of the world, and when it realises what such action means here, will probably modify the order. It is significant, though, that Italy, which can put an effective army of over 3,500,000 men into the field, should at this juncture deem it necessary to summon a few thousands from the other side of the world.

Q.—What is the war now costing Great Britain every day?

A.—Mr. Bonar Law stated on 23rd January that it had averaged £7,518,000 a day for the preceding seven weeks. The average, just twelve months ago, was £5,714,000; by June, 1917, it had jumped up a million, to £6,723,000. If this steady rate of increase be maintained we must expect the daily cost by next June to have reached at least £8,250,000. If we take that average for the whole year—it will be less for the first six months and more for the second—we find that the cost of another twelve months' war to Great Britain will probably be at least £3,000,000,000, of which perhaps £500,000,000 would be raised by taxation, and £2,500,000,000 by loan, the annual interest on which would hardly be less than £125,000,000! It is anticipated thought, that of this gigantic total, some £500,000,000 will be lent to Dominions and Allies who would have to pay the interest charges. This would reduce the liability of Great Britain by £25,000,000 annually.

Q.—Is compensation to be paid for enemy vessels captured at sea?

A.—According to international law, vessels captured at sea which were ignorant of the outbreak of war cannot be confiscated. They are in the same position as enemy merchant ships found in hostile harbours when hostilities begin. These ships cannot be confiscated, but must be restored after the war is over; should they be used compensation must be paid to the owner, and if destroyed, compensation must also be paid. It is, obviously, going to be an immensely difficult problem to settle the claims of ship owners when the war is over. For instance, wireless is not referred to in the Convention covering ships at sea when war breaks out, it being specifically stated that, after touching at a neutral port such ships are subject to the laws of maritime war, the assumption evidently being that only by so doing could they learn that hostilities had begun. A vessel, aware that war had broken out, if captured would be regarded as a prize of war, and no compensation would be paid. If the law in this matter of capture be rigidly adhered to at the Peace Conference, immense sums of money will have to be paid to the German companies for the use of the ships found in Italian, Portuguese, American and Brazilian harbours, which have been requisitioned by the Allies. At the present freight rates these vessels must already have earned their cost many times over, and if the Allies, at the Peace Conference, are regarded as charterers only, the amount of money to be paid over will be enormous. It will take years to settle questions like this, and to decide concerning compensations due to private individuals on both sides who have suffered through the war.

Q.—How many Canadian troops have been raised?

A.—The voluntary enlistments to 31st October numbered 449,806, at which date 335,543 men had been sent overseas. Official figures have not been published since that date.

Q.—Could you tell me what pension the widow of a private receives in Canada?

A.—She is entitled to 32 dols. a month and her children to 6 dols. a month; boys till 16, girls till 17, and invalid children till 21 years. A mother and three children would therefore draw approximately £10 5s. 6d. per month.

Q.—Did the different provinces of Canada return the same number of members to Parliament at the last election as at those which preceded it?

A.—The Canadian Parliament revises its membership after every decennial census, Quebec being the pivot, with 65 members, and the other provinces gaining or losing in ratio thereto. The new House of Commons has fourteen members more than the last one. The new representation compared with the old is as follows:—

	Last House.	Present House.
Ontario	86	82
Quebec	65	65
Nova Scotia	18	16
New Brunswick ...	13	11
Prince Edward Island	4	4
Manitoba	10	15
British Columbia ...	7	13
Saskatchewan	10	16
Alberta	7	12
Yukon	1	1
Total	221	235

The increase, it will be seen, is wholly from the West.

Q.—How many women is it estimated will be enfranchised under the new law in Great Britain?

A.—The number is estimated at 4,000,000. No voter, however, must be younger than thirty, and must be married to a man either leasing or owning land or property, which would qualify him to vote in municipal elections, or must herself be so qualified. This means that a comparatively small section of women get the vote, and all single women, without the necessary property qualifications, are still disfranchised. Actually no working woman who is single can yet vote in Great Britain.

Q.—Is the plural vote abolished?

A.—Not altogether. In some cases a man may still have two votes, but in no case may a woman vote more than once.

Q.—How many tons of food did Great Britain require to import before the war?

A.—About 15,000,000 tons, according to a statement issued recently giving an account of the working of the mercantile marine, but that would seem to be an under-estimate. This report said that, at that time, including German ships taken and purchases from other countries, the ocean-going shipping on the United Kingdom register was just over 15,000,000 tons, of which 11,000,000 tons were employed in home service. 6,500,000 tons of this, however, had been allotted entirely for the needs of the Navy, the Army, and the

Allies. A further million tons were also being used on the out journey for these purposes, so that only 5,500,000 tons were available for the trade of the country, instead of the pre-war 20,000,000 tons.

Q.—Could you tell me how much butter the people of Great Britain required in ordinary times?

A.—The total butter consumption of the United Kingdom is estimated at 6½ million cwt. per annum. About one-third is produced in Britain, and of the two-thirds imported nearly 77 per cent. comes from foreign sources of supply, the balance coming from parts of the British Empire other than the United Kingdom. The principal parts of the Empire from which butter is imported are Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, the average imports from these sources for the five years before the war being thus:—Australia, 621,000 cwt.; New Zealand, 304,000 cwt., and Canada 21,000 cwt. The average importation from Denmark before the war was 1,704,000 cwt., and from Russia 652,000 cwt.

Q.—When peace is declared how will Germany redeem all the paper money she has printed since the war began?

A.—The whole question of redemption of notes in all belligerent countries will be an exceedingly difficult one to solve. To issue notes is, of course, to borrow money from the people without their being aware of the fact. For instance, the Commonwealth Treasurer has obtained no less than £40,000,000 by issuing notes, but no provision is made for their redemption though there is a deposit of 33 per cent. gold to cover the issue. If after the war it was deemed necessary to get back again to a gold currency, and do away with notes, it would be necessary to raise a great loan for the purpose. Germany, with a larger population, has actually issued fewer notes than France, but has a smaller gold reserve. The French Government, through the National Bank, has issued £864,318,000 worth of paper money against a gold reserve of £212,908,000. The Reichsbank, in Germany, has issued £518,335,000 worth of paper money against a reserve of £120,207,000 of gold, and the Bank of England has issued £41,639,000 worth of notes against a gold reserve of £56,035,000.

Q.—Then Great Britain is in far better case than Germany?

A.—Her position is not quite as good as it appears at first sight, for although the Bank of England has only issued

£41,639,000 worth of notes, the Treasury has issued £184,187,000 worth, against a reserve of £28,500,000 of gold. The German Government, in addition to the Reichsbank notes, has issued Treasury and loan notes to the value of £290,000,000. Russia in October last, against a gold reserve of £129,260,000, had issued no less than £1,539,752,000 worth of notes. In addition, huge quantities of counterfeits were in circulation, and during the last few months the printing press has been busier than ever. Gold reserves include gold and silver coins and gold bullion.

Q.—If a bank issues £100 in notes, how much gold does it put into reserve?

A.—Banks in general are not allowed to issue any notes at all. This is done in Australia by the Commonwealth Bank, in England by the Bank of England, in Germany by the Reichsbank, and so on. The reserve of safety is reckoned to be one-third in gold of the value of the notes issue. This war has, however, shattered most of our old financial ideas and the reduction of the reserve from 33 per cent. to 15 per cent. in the case of Germany, to 25 per cent. in the case of France, to 20 per cent. in the case of Italy, does not appear to have had any serious results.

Q.—Has any estimate been made of the number of men who have been replaced by women in Great Britain?

A.—Up to the end of April of last year *The Labour Gazette* estimated that 1,256,000 men had been so replaced, and that some 5,000,000 women were at that time directly employed in various occupations in the country. Up to that date the National Service Department, after an expenditure of £87,000 on a publicity campaign, had managed to secure 19,951 men and 14,256 women volunteers.

Q.—Could you tell me whether conscription has been adopted in the Crown Colonies?

A.—Mr. Walter Long announced recently that it had been adopted in the East African Protectorate, in Uganda, except for natives; in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States for whites or for local defence. Hong Kong, he said, had found it unnecessary, as every white man there was already a volunteer!

Q.—Why do sailors wear bell-bottom trousers? Is it for some practical reason, or merely a traditional custom?

A.—Sailors have constantly to perform duties in bare legs. The bell-shaped trou-

sers are easily rolled up, whereas the ordinary kind cannot be so treated. The need was no doubt greater in the old days of sail, but this form of trousers is still necessary on shipboard. When fighting or manœuvring on land sailors usually wear leggings.

Q.—Could you tell me the amount spent per head on intoxicating liquor in England, Scotland and Ireland before the war?

A.—The amounts spent in the year 1913, the last before the war, were as follow:—

England and Wales	... £3	14	2	per capita.
Scotland	3	6	9
Ireland	3	3	1

Q.—Could you tell me the price of coal in Italy?

A.—In answer to a question by Mr. Houston, who stated that the price of coal in Italy to the private consumer was about £24 per ton, Sir Leo Chiozza Money stated in the House of Commons that the freight to Italy was 17/6 per ton, exclusive of war risk, which was borne by the Italian Government, and the average f.o.b. price at the loading port about 30/- per ton, the cost to the Italian Government delivered at an Italian port being about 50/6, exclusive of war risk. They had, he said, no means of accounting for the retail price in Italy. There is no doubt, however, that coal is being sold in Italy at £7 and more a ton, as the supply is so scanty.

Q.—Has the United States assisted Italy with ships?

A.—The United States Shipping Board has allocated to the services of Italy some 25 steamers; and to France some 20 steamers. In addition, British steamers, carrying or intending to carry food to Great Britain, are to be diverted to France and Italy.

Q.—How many ships are lost annually leaving no trace in times of peace?

A.—During the three years ended 31st October last, the number of British vessels missing without trace was 122. The number of vessels missing in this way in peace time averaged 15 yearly.

Q.—Is electricity much used in Japan?

A.—In Japan there are 568 companies supplying electric power and light, with a total capital of about £32,000,000, 42 electric street car companies, with a capital of

about £4,000,000, and 48 companies which are operating electric street car lines, and are also supplying power and light, with a capital of about £30,000,000; 3,051,925 Japanese houses are lighted by electricity, the total number of electric lamps used is 7,538,329, and the total candle-power 70,869,311. Electricity, creating 527,249 horse-power, is used for industrial purposes. The total mileage of the electric street cars is 826. There are 45,000 miles of telegraph wires on land, and 5900 miles under the sea. In 1915 there were 5112 telegraph offices throughout the country, and the messages handled were 34,460,000, of which 460,000 were to foreign countries. At the end of 1916 there were 1135 telephone exchanges, and the telephones used in the country were 222,512, while 152,911 applicants were waiting for installation. There were 715 public telephone booths.

Q.—What is the area of London?

A.—The area of what is known as Greater London is 692.84 square miles, and its population in 1911 was 7,251,358. The City of London is only one square mile in area, and the County of London is 117. It is this which is usually regarded as London proper. It had, in 1911, a population of 4,521,685. In that year 240,000 more people were dwelling in New York, which, however, had an area of 330 square miles. New York is increasing much more rapidly than London, and has secured a permanent lead. Paris, with 2,888,000 people, is far behind in the race, though the third largest city in the world. Chicago, with 2,200,000, will soon pass it, has probably done so already, and Berlin, with 2,070,000 (in 1910), is not far behind. Owing to the refugees, Petrograd, during the early months of last year, must have had more people in it than Paris as its normal 2,000,000 had been swelled by a million or more.

Q.—Is it really true that a hundred thousand more people live in Sydney than in Melbourne?

A.—About 80,000 more. The latest figures given by Mr. Knibbs are:—Sydney, 763,000; Melbourne, 684,000. It is worth noting that of the Commonwealth's total population of 5,000,000, no less than 1,976,000 are dwelling in the six capital cities.

HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns.

The enemy cartoons are particularly interesting just now, as they reflect the views probably held in Germany and Austria today. The cartoonist in *Simplicissimus* shows that the Germans count upon civil war in Russia helping them more than the conclusion of a formal peace. Whilst *Kladderadatsch* most significantly makes fun of Count Czernin and his dreams of bringing about a general peace shortly.

Jugend shows Michel in despair concerning Poland, the settlement of which problem appears to have been more than the Central Powers could manage.



Simplicissimus.

[Munich.]

CIVIL WAR IN RUSSIA.

"We don't want a separate peace—we want a separate war!"

The Waivre Jacob suggests that the chief reason why the Allies are so concerned about the withdrawal of Russia is that it seriously jeopardises the return of the money they lent her during the last three years for war material, etc.

The artist in *The St. Joseph News Press* well hits off the actual situation in Russia.

The Nieuwe Amsterdammer contrives to get a most ferocious expression on von Mackensen's face, an effect rather spoiled through the fact that, despite reports to the contrary, the redoubtable Field Marshal did not direct the enemy offensive against Italy.

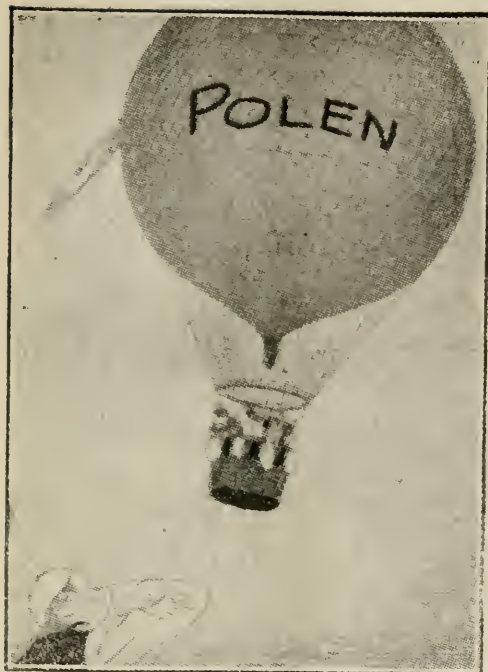


Kladderadatsch.

[Berlin.]

A NAP IN A CASTLE-IN-THE-AIR.

"Oh! oh! Count Czernin, take care you don't fall when the truth wakes you up."



Jugend.]

[Munich.

THE UNMANAGEABLE BALLOON (POLAND).



St. Joseph News-Press.]

[Missouri.

RUSSIA: AN AMERICAN VIEW.



Wahre Jacob.]

[Stuttgart

FOUR PASTRY-COOKS.

"Dear Russia, if we are to make peace we must have some guarantee that our cakes will be paid for."

"Russia has nothing, can do nothing, pays nothing. The dear God will make all right."



De Nieuwe Amsterdamer.]

TIGER-PUSS IN BOOTS.

Mackensen has his foot in the Italian boot.



L'Asino.]

1.—YESTERDAY.

WILLIAM II.: "Woe to the conquered!"



2.—TO-DAY.

[Rome.

WILLIAM II.: "I have always favoured peace!"

The cartoon in *'l'Asino* was presumably drawn before disaster had overwhelmed the Italian armies on the Isonzo.

Touching on that catastrophe *The Amsterdammer* shows misguided Italian

soldiers contributing to the success of the enemy.

Simplicissimus comments satirically on the recent riots in Turin, and *The Wahre Jacob* gets somewhat mixed in its drawing



De Amsterdammer.]

THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF GERMANICUS.

The Unconscious Assistants.

(In connection with the defection of certain Italian^o soldiers who were beguiled by peace propaganda.)



Wahre Jacob. [Stuttgart.
VICTOR EMMANUEL ON THE TARPEIAN
ROCK.

"To be or not to be, that is the question!"

"Victor Emmanuel on the Tarpeian Rock." The Medusa-like figures on the rock bear little resemblance to the stalwart executioners who threw malefactors from the spot made famous by the treachery of beauteous Tarpeia.

The *Louisville Times* gives one view of the situation, *Kladderadatsch* another.



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.

UNCLE REUTER'S FAIRY TALES.

"Now in Italy the war spirit grows apae. In Turin the people who are not allowed to go to the front are so anxious to fight that they are beginning to shoot each other in the streets."

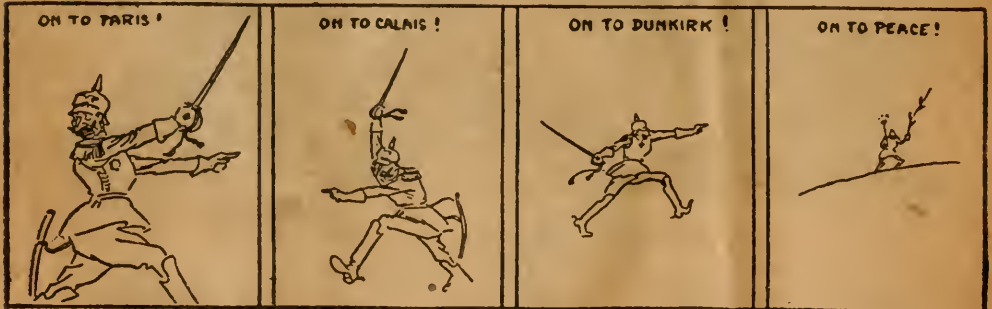


Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

HOMAGE FROM THE ENEMY.

A beautiful and indubitable present from the *Entente*; for three years it has been building a "Hindenburg-Tower."



Times.]

KAISER BILLGRIM'S PROGRESS.

[Louisville, U.S.A.



Tribune.]

[New York.

THE KAISER'S OFFER HAS "SOMETHING
BEHIND IT."

"You'll have to put down that club, William!"



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

Darkness brooded over the *Entente*, and the
Spirit of Hindenburg moved upon the face of
the waters.



De Telegraaf.]

[Amsterdam.

A STRATEGIC BLUNDER.

HINDENBURG TO WILLIAM: "It seems to me that
it would have been better policy, to have left
America out of this little game!"



Evening Telegram.]

[New York.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.



Reynolds's Newspaper.]

[London.]

THE WINNING HAND.

The new War Council which the Allies have arranged to set up will secure complete unity of action on the whole Western Front.

The need for Unity of Control is made the subject of many cartoons in English papers. The two reproduced herewith are typical.

Many and bitter are the cartoons dealing with the food profiteer in English and American papers, nor are they rare in the French and German.



Tribune.]

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

[Chicago.]



Evening Express.]

[Liverpool.]

STICKING TOGETHER.

"Unity—not sham unity, but real unity—is the only sure pathway to victory."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE, at Paris.

The rationing of the people is made the subject of more or less humorous comment in the English papers. E.C.G., in *The Westminster*, being specially to the fore in this matter.



Westminster Gazette.]

[London.]

THE POMME DE TERREUR.

P.O. MAXIMUM: "You'd better be careful!"
P.C. MINIMUM: "I've got my eye on you!"

A STATESMAN-PHILOSOPHER.

Seldom has less been known of a public man than of von Hertling, who is now the official mouthpiece of the German nation. A very interesting article on this statesman-philosopher is contributed to *The American Review of Reviews* by Mr. Edward T. Heyn, who says:—

Count Georg von Hertling, the new German Chancellor, is a Bavarian citizen, but was born in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, in 1843. He is descended from a noble family. One of his progenitors was Johann Friedrich von Hertling, a chancellor and minister of state of the Hessian Palatinate, the Kurpfalz. Hertling's father was a court chamberlain, of Hesse-Darmstadt, and his mother, Antonie von Guaita, belonged to a Portuguese banker's family which had settled in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Hertling is married to a Countess von Biegeleben, of one of the orthodox Catholic families of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Hertling, when twenty-four years old, was appointed a "*privat docent*" at the University of Bonn, and professor in 1880. In 1882 he was called to the Munich University to fill the chair of philosophy, and held this position until 1912, when he was appointed Bavarian Prime Minister. Hertling became a member of the Reichstag in 1875, and was repeatedly re-elected. While in the German Parliament he had the opportunity to see the tremendous growth of the "Centrum," the German Catholic party, now represented in the Reichstag by ninety-nine members. Hertling, for many years, was the able assistant of the noted Centrum leader, Dr. Lieber. Lieber, a democratically inclined politician, was a man of learning, a skilled tactician, and a worthy successor of Windhorst, the great Centrum leader, Bismarck's adversary.

After Lieber's death Hertling was made party leader. He was always one of the hardest workers in the Reichstag. To him, more than to any other deputy in the German Parliament, was due the passage of the epoch-making social-insurance legislation which extended protection to the German working people in case of sickness, disability and old age. Hertling displayed similar activity in bringing about the passage of the *Buergerliche Gesetzbuch*, the remarkable Civic Code which established uniform laws for the whole German Empire—a problem still unsolved in the United States. Hertling on several occasions sup-

ported bills increasing the size of the German army and navy, as well as the legislation which fixed high tariff duties, especially on agrarian products.

As a member of the Reichstag Hertling spoke rarely, but when he did so always delivered carefully prepared and scholarly speeches. His attitude was usually diplomatic and conciliatory, and quite different from the aggressive tone frequently used by other Centrum members, notably the two Wurtembergers, Groeber and the fiery Erzberger. Hertling, indeed, was the only member of the Centre party who defended Chancellor von Buelow's Morocco policy. At the same time it should be said that, following the usual Janus-face policy of the Centre party, Hertling did not hesitate to take the very opposite position when Buelow, fell in disfavour with the Catholics.

Hertling, at the age of seventy, became Bavarian Premier. Two important questions, always burning in German politics, received his early attention, namely, social reforms and the admission of the Jesuits into Germany. Addressing the Bavarian *Landtag* on the subject of social reform, Hertling declared that Germany should spend more for this purpose, rather than on larger armaments, for the German people, he added, could no longer stand these increased burdens. He asked the Socialists to propose definite social reforms, instead of opposing everything in that direction proposed by the Bavarian Government.

As a result of Hertling's speech the Bavarian *Landtag* passed a bill appropriating 75,000 marks for workmen's unemployment insurance. With regard to the obnoxious anti-Jesuit law, passed in 1872, and a bone of contention in Germany for over forty years, the Hertling cabinet decided that the law did not prevent Jesuits from attending social conferences or making public addresses. The Bavarian Government next called on the Bundesrat to suspend the Jesuit law. The Reichstag, with the support of the Socialists, in three readings passed a bill for the abolishment of the law. However, as so often in German political affairs, the Bundesrat declined to obey the mandate of the parliament. Only since the war has the anti-Jesuit law been taken from the German statutes.

Another subject which has always troubled the Centre party has been the

Polish question, for most of the Poles living in Germany are Catholics. Since the war the Poles of the Province of Posen have obtained more liberty, due in large measure to the support in that direction received in the Reichstag from the Centre party.

Hertling as Bavarian Prime Minister was no longer a member of the Reichstag; still he wielded considerable influence in German national affairs, owing to the fact that he had been chairman of the foreign relations committee of the Bundesrat. As war cannot be declared in Germany without the consent of this federal committee, von Hertling and his royal master the King of Bavaria, with the other rulers and governments of Germany, are equally responsible with the Kaiser for the world cataclysm. Hertling, in an address made over a year ago, said:—

We hold that the war must now in all circumstances and by all means be brought to a decision. Field Marshal von Hindenburg recently stated that theoretically the war could be continued indefinitely, as our losses were considerably smaller than our increases in men; that our frontier walls in the east, west and south were unshakable, and that our economic life was continuing as formerly, although on a smaller scale than in peace time, yet in a reliable, safe fashion. We desire to bring the war to an end because we are shocked by war's sorrows. Our adversaries wish to continue the war because they are terrified by the horrors that peace would bring.

Hertling also said to an American correspondent:—

We are not fighting for the same avowed objects as England and France. We are all fighting for our homes and fatherland. We will, we must fight on as long as England pursues the avowed object of crushing the German people, and proposes to dictate how and by whom the German people should be governed.

It is only fair to say that since the Pope's peace offer Count von Hertling and the members of the Centre party as good Catholics have changed their attitude, and now are very much in favour of peace. Hertling hurried to Vienna immediately after Foreign Minister Czernin's second statement that Austria was prepared to make peace with Russia. On 9th May, 1917, Hertling aroused a stir when, through the Bavarian *Staatszeitung*, the official organ of the Bavarian Government, he stated that Germany did not expect to obtain war indemnities, and that the principal features of her peace must be an agreement with her enemies to obtain raw materials, per-

mission to develop her foreign trade to her utmost capacity, the return of all captured German ships, and of her lost colonies. This, the Bavarian *Staatszeitung* added, would be an equivalent to an indemnity of many millions.

Again in October of this year, addressing the chief committee of the Bavarian Chamber, Count von Hertling discussed Bavaria's separate answer to the Pope. He denied that Bavaria was following an independent policy distinct from that of the rest of Germany, and the very contrary was true. The aims of the Imperial Government had received Bavaria's full support. "Nothing could be further from the aim of the peaceful German nation and her government than the thought to attack other countries and to attempt to widen her territory by force of arms. For neither a victory nor extension of territory could compensate Germany for the fearful horrors of war, and the resulting destruction of all ethical and economic values."

Hertling is not the first Catholic Chancellor. The late Chancellor Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingfuerst was a Catholic, but not a member of the Centre party. Hohenlohe had a leaning towards "Old Catholicism," and politically held liberal views. Hertling, on the other hand, is a decided Ultramontane. On a number of occasions he was entrusted by the Prussian Government with important missions to the Holy See. For it should not be forgotten that although Prussia nominally is a Protestant state, before the war it maintained a minister at the Papal Court. Hertling has always enjoyed the confidence of the Vatican, and it is no diplomatic secret that throughout the war he and the Bavarian Government have been in touch with the Pope.

Hertling, last July, was offered the post of Chancellor, but the "old fox," as he is called in Bavaria, wisely declined the position, and supported Michaelis. He realised that his time had not yet come. Hertling fully enjoys the confidence of the Kaiser, and it is said on numerous occasions the German monarch recommended his entourage to follow Hertling's suave and diplomatic conduct of public affairs.

The question what to do with Alsace-Lorraine will be a serious problem for Hertling to solve. He has repeatedly changed his attitude on this question. At one time he favoured the division of the provinces between Bavaria and Baden. Lately he has been in favour of granting them politi-

cal autonomy. In an important utterance Hertling recently said:—

To give up Alsace-Lorraine is not to be thought of, and the majority of the population of the two provinces would not welcome such a measure. A decision as to the kind of government which Alsace-Lorraine shall receive cannot be made in a hurry. An independent federal state cannot be shot out of a pistol.

Students of German affairs are now wondering what Hertling will do as a Prussian minister, for it should not be forgotten that he is both Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Premier. What will Hertling do to give Prussia universal suffrage? The Centre party has always opposed the reform of "the most rotten electoral franchise," as the Prussian suffrage was once called by Bismarck. Hertling has already said that he does not favour a decided ballot reform, and also has refused to change paragraph 9 of the national constitution enabling a member of the Reichstag at the same time to be a member of the Bundesrat.

Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was greatly interested in philosophical subjects, and this is also true of Hertling. The pre-

sent German Chancellor has written numerous philosophical books. He is one of the foremost living authorities on Aristotle and on Albertus Magnus, the famous schoolman of the Middle Ages. Hertling's book, "The Principles of Catholicism and Science," has been translated into sixteen languages. Strange to say, his name does not appear in the "Britannica," or in the American "Catholic Encyclopædia."

In all of his writings Hertling shows himself a most devout Catholic. In his work on "The Principles of Catholicism and Science" he says there can be no contradiction between science and the revelation as taught by the Catholic Church. Through Hertling's activity the Vatican was induced to establish a Catholic theological faculty at the Strassburg University. For some years Hertling was the president of the Goerres Society, a Catholic scientific organisation which aims, to employ the words of the Centre Leader Windhorst, "following the example of the famous Catholic historian Jansen, to aid historical research and to purge history from the Protestant legends and forgeries, with reference to the events which caused the Reformation."

RUSSIA'S ECLIPSE.

Dr. Dillon contributes a most well-informed article to *The Fortnightly* on the Russian situation. He wrote while Kerensky was still supreme, but foreshadowed his imminent fall, and the seizing of power by the extremists. He is very severe on the optimists, who used regularly to announce the beginning of a new Russian offensive:—

By what standards, one may ask, do the hope-instilling Press organs of the Allies judge of the Russian outlook? People who, like myself, are conversant with the elements of the Russian situation are well aware that the expectations thus roused are doomed to disappointment—after having first inflicted serious damage on the Allies' cause. Why should the Press persist in thus impairing our highest interests? In this case truthfulness is not only ethical but profitable.

In France and England, he says, the public seems unable even yet to realise the hopeless confusion into which things have fallen in Russia, or the cardinal fact that a whole sequence of thorny problems—social, political, military, financial and technical—must first receive a practical solution before the Russian army could render the moderate degree of assistance against the common enemies which would now satisfy the Allies.

The Bolsheviki have torn away the veil, though, since the clever doctor wrote, and we now expect less than nothing from Russia. He says:—

Russia, at the outset of the campaign, was the Allies' main hope, and it was because of the inestimable services expected from her that they agreed to swerve from one of their cherished principles and undertook to help her to annex Constantinople. Her army was then the great steam-roller. To-day Russia is an aching void. Between these two situations there were many stages, and the Allied Governments were warned in good time of the Slavs' progress through them and of the ultimate goal.

Instead of taking the many warnings they received Allied statesmen preferred to stake all on one cast, and relied utterly upon the assurances of the Cadets that though revolution must come it would be postponed till the end of the war.

However sure they may have been of their own reading of the situation, they were bound to contemplate the other and to adopt or concert measures to counter its worst potential effects. And not to have done this is an error of judgment which it is difficult to qualify in terms at once adequate and seemly. The Russian revolution found us not merely unprepared, but unaware of the need of any preparation.

He considers that future prospects are dominated by Russia's defection, "which has cut much deeper into the cause of the Allied nations than seems to be realised by most of our statesmen and publicists."

For not only does it modify the military position and the peace aims of the belligerents to a noteworthy degree, but it also contributes to determine the attitude of the Allied peoples towards their own respective Governments. And the new attitude is not marked by cordiality or confidence.

In order to paint his tale he quotes from an article written by M. Pichon, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, for *The Petit Journal*, giving the following extract:—

"What," he inquires, "has been the action of the Allies' diplomacy in this posture of affairs? What is it doing to back up Russian patriots, to second and intensify their efforts, to help to hinder their country from being torn by civil war and falling a prey to the foreign foe who is fomenting it? What has it provided in advance in order to guarantee under all circumstances and at all costs to our country—greater now than ever by its virtues, its might, and its sacrifices—the only victory possible, that of arms, in case its allies of the North were to fail it? That is the question which the country is now putting, and is putting not without anxiety."

If any member of the coalition, he says, requires help in the ordering of its internal affairs, it is Russia, and that help must be tendered by the *Entente* with all possible tact and considerateness, and without pedantic scruples on the score of political tenets which were framed for quite another set of conditions.

Slav resources, he says, are fast dwindling. Since he wrote matters have got worse instead of better. He says:—

On a single September day I read of the destruction by fire of all the machinery and buildings and also of the accumulated stock of the great cotton firm of Prokhoroff, of Moscow; of the shutting down of the engine works in Kharkoff in consequence of strikes; of the closing of the great rails factory near Ekaterinburg; of the cessation of work in the coal-mining districts of the Donetz basin and in Ekaterinoslav, where the military had to be called in to suppress the tumults.

The decisive event in the history of the Russian revolution, in his opinion, is the demoralisation of the army. Once the military organism disappeared, Russian eclipse was complete. Yet the fatal step towards the disintegration of the army and the dismemberment of Russia was approved by the one man who is supposed to be in exclusive possession of all the qualities necessary to a great leader—M. Kerensky. Of the ex-Prime Minister, Dr. Dillon evidently has a very poor opinion.

We know what to think of the man who, claiming to be a statesman and a patriot, abolishes capital punishment in the army and in war time for cowards, rebels, murderers of their superiors, and traitors to their country. A standing army may be an unalloyed evil which every civilised State should make haste to abolish. Probably it is. But so long as the present order of things international continues, it is an evil necessary to every nation that would fain live and thrive, and no effort should be grudged to render it efficient. Manifestly it is foredoomed to crumble away unless the pain of death and other punishments can be imposed on those of its members whose actions are solvents of its disciplinary spirit. Yet, M. Kerensky abolished capital punishment, and, as he thought, for ever. This he did with great deliberation and a flourish of trumpets. He also allowed the soldiers to criticise the orders of their officers, to form political societies, to attend mutinous meetings, and to stare insolently at their superiors in lieu of saluting them. He went further, and winked at the inexpressible sin. Those who massacred their officers were praised for not having tortured them, and sometimes the others were publicly and impersonally reprimanded. The death penalty was abolished and the doors of prisons taken off their hinges. That in all this his intentions were upright and his aims patriotic we learn from those enthusiastic journalists who discovered, analysed and classified them. That the consequences were calamitous to his own people we may infer from Russia's present desperate plight. M. Kerensky himself at last discerned his mistake, and after much hesitation consented to "repair it" by re-introducing capital punishment.

Kerensky, although he is a Russian, not a Welshman, has characteristics we have come to associate with certain prominent Celts who at one time, like Kerensky himself, were hailed as the saviours of their respective countries where they happened to be. Says Dr. Dillon:—

M. Kerensky is a dreamer of dreams and a weaver of words. He has unbounded faith—in phrases, and his skill in turning them is marvellous. Having delivered a telling speech on a problem, he feels that he has solved it. His work is done, and he passes on to something else. He fought Tsarism with words, and it fell because others assailed it with decisive deeds. Now that he is encountering his country's enemies his weapons are still words, but they have no effect on the Germans. They will have just as little on his hungry countrymen in winter and spring. Soft words butter no parsnips. In revolutions the extreme parties generally overcome the moderates.

He had, however, a "good" press, which interpreted his actions not only favourably but indulgently. In his wisdom and energy the Allies placed their trust, but, in Dr. Dillon's opinion, he was rather an accident

than a saviour, and therein most thinking people long ago agreed with him.

Kerensky was a struggling but brilliant lawyer down to the month of March, and it is therefore to his credit that he swung himself forward and upwards so swiftly once the revolution had thrown open the doors of fame and power to men endowed with stenorian voices, rich imaginations, and considerable fluency. In politics he had played but a slight part as one of the thirty Labour Deputies of the fourth Duma. But his professional activity was coloured by politics and inspired by eloquent sympathy with the masses.

The doctor's account of the state of the Russian army is appalling, and must finally sweep away all the hopes built on Russia ever "coming again." When the charter of the soldiers' liberties was promulgated the army began to melt away.

The men flung down their rifles and scurried off, not in thousands, but in scores of thousands. Colonel Yakubovitch, the Assistant War Minister, said in a speech delivered in Petrograd that, although he did not remember the precise figures, he knew that the runaways from the army numbered some millions. Some millions of deserters acting as apostles of pacifism! Think of what it means. The authorities had to content themselves with appeals to these deserters to come back and risk their lives; they had no means of punishing them, no way of persuading them except Kerensky's fiery eloquence. The generals at the front telegraphed to the Minister beseeching him to despatch the necessary contingents to fill up the gaps. The Minister was wont to reply that he had issued the requisite orders. And the matter remained there. The soldiers who were sent to the front dropped out of the ranks long before they had reached their destination. "Out of a thousand sent from Ekaterinburg only 158 arrived." The soldiers, this official went on to say, are addicted to drinking, and the results are appalling. They capture railway stations, disorganise the traffic, take the trains whithersoever they please, and if the station-master objects, blow his brains out. One station-master who obeyed them implicitly was put to death because a train was delayed for twelve hours, although the fault was not his. They regulate the speed at which their trains must run, and are heedless of the usual precautions to prevent accidents. On the Volga they seized steamers, some of which have never been heard of since. At Bologoye a band of some fifty soldiers took the steamer of M. Varakin by force, and steamed away to Totma. Later, the owner

learned that it had been seen at Usting, but he had not heard of it after that. At most railway stations the consignments of food despatched by the authorities or by private firms are seized and carried off.

The particulars he gives of the "soul-searing" misdeeds of the Russian soldiery during the brief occupation of Austrian Kalush read like a tale of the middle ages, and, no doubt, the ghastly scenes which went on there have been again and again repeated in towns and villages in Russia itself. He concludes as follows:—

The falling out of our great Slav partner, then, will have a twofold effect upon the Allies' prospects which it behoves us to consider with care; it shifts an overwhelmingly large share of the military burden on to the shoulders of those pacific peoples who entered the lists solely on Russia's behalf, and it compels them to enlarge their peace demands and protract the war. With the military aspect of the matter I am not now concerned. It may suffice to remark that its importance, still very considerable, is gradually dwindling, and that it is not to the battlefield that we must look for the close of hostilities. One might go further and utter this paradoxical truth; that a decisive victory would no longer connote the attainment by the Allies of the aims for which they are offering up such immense sacrifices. For the conquest of Russia would enable Germany to dispense with most of the "guarantees in the West" for which her jingoes have been clamouring, and yet permit her to persevere hopefully in her striving for the overlordship of Europe. Consequently, she can afford to offer, and will shortly offer, "attractive conditions" to the war-weary peoples of the West in the hope that they will not worry overmuch about the Slavs of the East. If such conditions were accepted in the belief that a democratised Germany would be quickly converted to pacifism by the sacramental virtue of parliamentary government, the nations of the Entente would be the victims of another and the most cruel delusion.

I may be charged with having forgotten that the Allies still hold a trump card which can at any moment win the trick; they possess most of the raw stuffs of the world, and can so regulate their distribution as to force Germany to relinquish her ambitious designs and come into line with the other nations of the world. I answer; If this be indeed the key to victory, why is it not used at once? Why go on making sacrifices which, if this account of the matter be true, are purposeless and criminal? However formidable the difficulties in our way they may perhaps be overcome, but only if we face them squarely and deal with them resolutely.

GENERAL PETAIN.

A highly interesting article upon the famous French general, in *The Correspondant* (Paris), gives an elaborate analysis of his character and achievements. It is gratifying to feel that the supreme command of

the French army is entrusted to a man so eminently gifted, brave, and devoted to duty.

The elevation of General Pétain to the chief command of the armies of the North

and North-east, was, the writer observes, no surprise. His name shone out clearly after the great days of Verdun. We cannot, of course, reproduce here the military details of Pétain's career, but a fair idea of the man may be gained by citing some of the most striking characterisations of his personality and of his claims to distinction.

Physically: a countenance grave without hardness, energetic and cool, with clear-cut features, a heavy, drooping moustache, turning grey; a strongly moulded chin; keen, grey-blue eyes; bald, but not unpleasantly so, owing to the powerful, well-formed brow, a voice strong, clear, incisive, capable of a terrible force; striking one at first as glacial, disconcerting the boldest soul; an impassiveness of countenance attained by a dominating will—the whole producing the impression of a superior personality.

Some have compared General Pétain, physically, to Lord Roberts; he rather recalls Lord Kitchener by his general bearing, calmness, absolute self-command—save in rare outbursts, quickly suppressed, of a passionate temperament. Well-built and above the average height, he is very erect and vigorous.

Appointed in 1913 to the cavalry training school at Saumer, he won the admiration of his pupils by his remarkable lectures upon military science as well as by his mastery of horsemanship—altogether exceptional in an officer originally belonging to the infantry.

A horror of advertisement of any kind, as well as a disdain of outward display, is characteristic of the man. To give an example: although possessing many decorations, the only one he ever wore was that of the Legion of Honour. Not that he aimed at being specially modest; on the contrary, he has a very exact estimate of his own value; but he detests "bluff," notoriety in any form.

His first experiences as officer were varied. He had to combat a natural tendency to indolence, which he frankly avowed. His service has been confined to France, distinguishing himself as chief of a battalion, whence he was brilliantly promoted to the Normal School of gunnery at Chalons. There he found himself in the company of noted technicians, doctrinaires of antiquated theories. Their teachings were law, and Pétain set himself to demolish these false gods, to the great displeasure of the pontiffs. These new ideas, maintained with an inflexible vigour, created for him powerful

and violent enemies—some still scarcely appeased—that explains the slowness of his advancement in peace times. Colonel Pétain paid little heed to these enmities, convinced as he was of the justice of his cause.

Later, professor of applied tactics in the War School, his instruction was epoch-making, leaving an indelible impress upon his pupils, and bearing the test of the great conflict now raging.

Despite such rare qualities, Pétain only attained the rank of colonel at the age of fifty-seven. Appointed subsequently the head of a brigade, he was sent to the mediocre garrison of Saint Omer without uttering a complaint. It is there that the war found him.

The writer goes on to describe the brilliant service rendered by General Pétain in the battle of the Marne, in command of a division of the 3rd army corps, and then tells of his glorious doings at Verdun in 1916.

At the outburst of the formidable battle General Pétain was stationed in the rear of the front line. There, on the night of February 27, he received an urgent order from General Castelnau to repair to Verdun, where the situation was grave. He started at once, without the loss of a second. Is not his motto, "Always ready"?

The fate of the old citadel was entrusted to his hands. Such a tremendous responsibility did not for an instant disturb the general's serenity. Calmly, simply, he set to work; during five consecutive days and nights, it is said, he gave his orders, took his measures—and upon these the fate of the entire country depended.

He decided upon his general line of resistance: Vaux, Douaumont, le Mort-Homme; determined to fight there with all his resources, subordinating everything to that end. Thus, though fighting on the defensive, he succeeded in imposing his will upon the enemy by making them fight a losing battle: he had resolved that the German forces should not cross the line he had chosen—and they did not cross!

Some weeks later, on April 9, after assaults of unequalled fury, but all victoriously repulsed, the French commander could issue the famous order of the day to his soldiers, which was echoed the world around: "The 9th of April is a glorious day for our arms. The furious assaults of the Crown Prince have been repelled everywhere: infantry, artillery, sappers, aviators

of the 2nd army corps have been rivals in heroism. Honour to all! The Germans will, no doubt, attack anew. Let each one work and watch to obtain the same success as yesterday! Courage—we shall get them!”

As to his personal valour, it shines with an incomparable prestige. The soldiers know that General Pétain never fears to expose himself in the thickest of danger. He is a leader who “goes there to see.”

To sum up: Absolutely devoted to duty, a finished type of the perfect military chief, General Pétain presents an exceptional combination of talent and character. Since

August 15th, 1914, all the fights he has led have been successes. To the two dates: Carençy, May 9th, 1915; Verdun, April 9th, 1916, must be added that of August, 1917, when he headed the new and victorious offensive. The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour—which the President wished to deliver in person to the commander-in-chief—has consecrated this new success, and the accompanying words are a fitting tribute: “An officer of the highest worth, whose rare character and qualities were attested as commander-in-chief of the armies of the North and North-east. He defended and saved Verdun.”

WHAT OF ARMENIA?

The sad fate that has befallen the Armenians of the Turkish Empire is the theme of a paper in *Nuova Antologia* (Rome) by the Italian Minister of Finance, Señor Filippo Meda. He considers that one of the chief anxieties aroused by the Russian revolution concerns the future of the surviving Armenians in Asia Minor, which had seemed to be reasonably assured by the Russian victories.

He recalls the ringing proclamation of Nicholas II. to the Armenians, in which the Tsar tell them that after four centuries of oppression “the hour of liberty has at last sounded for you,” and assures them that the Russian people will never, never forget its debt to illustrious Armenians, such as Laraseff and Loris Nelikoff, who fought side by side with their Slavonic brothers for the freedom of Armenia.

These fervent protestations were accompanied by an abandonment of the attempts to russify the Armenians in Russian territory by violent means, and by the institution of a more sympathetic policy toward them.

It is true that many of the more intelligent Armenians, especially those living in the centres of European civilisation, were disposed to be somewhat sceptical as to the Russian promises, in view of previous experiences, after the Russo-Persian war of 1828, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. Nevertheless, the repeated declarations of the Allied powers as to their determination to satisfy the aspirations for liberty on the part of all oppressed peoples, seemed to justify the belief that the hour of Armenia's freedom had at last arrived.

Now, however, that revolutionary Russia boldly proclaims a policy of “no annexa-

tion and no indemnities,” Señor Meda asks what is to be the fate of Armenia, into whose hands will she fall? The history of the past two years shows that unless the world is willing to see the Armenian race disappear entirely, it must be freed, once and for all, from Turkish domination.

The frightful sufferings to which this unhappy race has been subjected are briefly but convincingly presented by Señor Meda, who draws his data from the “Blue Book” of 1st July, 1916, prepared by Viscount Bryce. The latter took every possible precaution to exclude from the recital any statements unworthy of acceptance.

In almost every case, the course pursued by the Turks was to summon the male Armenians of a given district to present themselves without delay before the authorities. All who did not obey the summons were driven to the rendezvous by the Turkish gendarmes. On their appearance they were immediately arrested and cast into prison for a day or two, then they were bound one to the other, and driven out of the inhabited regions into the open country.

They were told that their destination was Mossul or Bagdad, but as soon as the wretched exiles, snatched from their families without even taking a last leave of them, had reached a distant point where nothing could be seen of them from the road, they were all massacred. This was done at the order of the Minister of the Interior, Talaat Bey, in agreement with the Minister of War, Enver Pasha, who had charged himself with the task of exterminating that part of the Armenian population, under his jurisdiction.

After the departure and the massacre of the able-bodied male population came the

turn of the women, the children, the old men, and the infirm. Notices were put up in every village that they must prepare to leave in a few days. The women were nominally accorded the privilege of escaping exile, if they became Mohammedan converts. But the mere profession of a change of religion did not suffice, they must ratify it by espousing a Mussulman.

For the children the illusory promise was made that they could enter Turkish orphan-asylums, where they would be educated in the faith of Mohammed. However, in the greater part of the cities and in almost all the villages there were no such asylums in existence.

The miserable women were forced to march out into the open country. Under these conditions death by thirst, hunger, sunstroke, or infectious diseases soon reduced their numbers, and when they reached the mountainous district the old and infirm were massacred by Kurds.

The few exiles who finally reached Aleppo in a state of absolute destitution were assigned to the most unhealthy places, among enemies whose language they did not understand. It has been estimated that as many as 600,000 of the total population of 2,100,000 Turkish Armenians were in this way deliberately done to death by their Turkish persecutors.

BELGIAN FARMERS UNDER GERMANY.

The powerful organisation of Belgian farmers known as the *Boerenbond*, or Peasants' League, has not figured prominently in the press despatches relating to Belgian affairs published during the war. Hence it is a pleasant surprise, to those of us who fancied we had formed an accurate conception of war-time conditions in Belgium, under the German régime, to read the optimistic report of the general secretary of the league for the year 1915, the substance of which is given in *The International Review of Agricultural Economics* (Rome). *The Review* says:—

Speaking generally it is true that everything founded by the Boerenbond before the war has survived, and moreover new plans have been realised. Thus, the general secretary's report notes the organisation of two new agricultural guilds, one in the province of Antwerp, two in Brabant, and one in East Flanders. Means of communication had hardly been re-established, in the last months of 1914, when the league's inspectors began once more to travel about the country in order to visit the rural associations and to co-operate, in the words of the report, "in reviving social and economic life in the rural districts." They were entrusted at the same time with the additional duty of collecting information and noting the most urgent needs in order to enable a directing committee to organise committees for relief and nourishment everywhere. Further, as soon as it was possible, the Boerenbond, in agreement with some influential personages in the agricultural world, undertook the defence of the interests of tillers of the soil and participated in the formation of an agricultural section of the national committee for relief and nourishment, which came into being at the end of December, 1914. Two of its administrators are members of this section, and have taken a large part in all its work. The co-operative society, Agricultural Assistance, which aims at buying food for live-

stock and all supplies indispensable to agriculture, was founded towards the end of February, and a delegate of the Boerenbond is on its administrative council.

Until the Agricultural Assistance should be able to maintain agriculture with food-stuffs, manures, and primary material of every kind, the Boerenbond itself undertook to fulfil this task and to reduce to the minimum the difficulties which the agricultural world had to meet.

The Boerenbond—or more accurately its counter for sale and purchase—bought in the first place, for the provinces of Antwerp and Brabant, the food for livestock which the German civil administration granted, at the first distribution, to agriculture in these two provinces, and remitted the food to the agricultural sections. Had there been opportunity it would have been equally zealous to render this service to the other provinces. Soon afterwards it took over from the German civil administration a sufficiently important quantity of oilcakes of which it afterwards made grants in accordance with the instructions of the national agricultural section.

The league has taken a leading part in reconstruction work; aiding the peasants with small loans, and advising them as to methods of building. A special feature of this undertaking was the effort made to ensure the construction of more comfortable and more sanitary homes than the rural population has generally heretofore possessed.

A commission was nominated, and it prepared in two languages, French and Flemish, a small pamphlet, which was especially the work of Messrs. J. Giele and G. Van den Abeele, and is called "Construction de l'habitation rurale et de ses dependances" ("Construction of a Rural Dwelling and its Dependencies"). This is a collection, as concise as possible, of explanations and practical advice on the choice and use of materials, dimensions, the distribution of space, airing and ventilation, the means of obtain-

ing good drinking water, of guarding against damp, etc. The pamphlet is written very simply, so as to be within the comprehension of all.

The problem of feeding the people was dealt with especially through a branch of the association known as the Farmwives' League. Pamphlets were distributed, and numerous lectures given throughout the country on the economical use of foodstuffs.

One of the association's most active branches has been indisputably the Central Credit Fund. The year 1915 was one of the most important years it has had since its foundation. Not only was the number of affiliated local funds increased by forty-four, but the savings deposits were more numerous than ever, and hundreds of new small loans were made to cultivators in needy circumstances. Of 821 rural funds existing

in Belgium at the end of 1915, 437 were affiliated to the central fund. At this date the number of the latter's subscribed shares was 8987, having increased by 420 since the preceding year. The capital in shares was thus brought up to 8,987,000 francs. The funds circulated in the year amounted to 63,009,921 francs, thus considerably surpassing their ordinary level. Twenty-one new credit accounts were opened for affiliated funds, the total credit thus accorded being for 363,550 francs, which brought the amount of the credit in force on 31st December, 1915, to 4,904,450 francs. The total of the savings deposits was 22,723,841 francs, having increased by 6,202,311 francs since 1914, and by 6,613,459 since 1913, the last normal year. This considerable increase in the amount of savings deposits in the second year of the war is partly explained by the fact that cultivators have had partially to realise their invested capital.

A NEW VIEW OF THE NAPOLEONIC STRUGGLE.

Most of us have been brought up on the doctrine that England, by her consistent and persistent attitude towards Napoleon, saved Europe and the world from a military domination which would have proved its undoing. Some of us possibly have had doubts raised in our minds since our school days, but on the whole still comfortably assume that it was necessary for the well-being of the world that the vaulting ambition of Napoleon should have been curbed, and that he should have been utterly crushed. Along comes Sir Walter Runciman, M.P., the father of the ex-President of the Board of Trade, and assures us, in *The Contemporary*, that Great Britain's refusal to make peace with Napoleon had terrible consequences, led indeed to the frightful struggle now going on in Europe! He says:—

The present writer's belief is that had members of the British Government been guided by reason and sound judgment, instead of by blind prejudice; had they accepted overtures made to them from time to time by the head of the French nation during his rule, we would not be engaged now in a world war, watering the earth with the blood of the boldest and brightest young men of Europe. The great soldier-statesman foretold what would happen. What irony that we should be in deadly conflict with the Power which, as our ally, then helped to destroy him, and is now engaged in a frantic effort to destroy us!

Pitt, he says, was not a genius; had he been he would not have held the view that Napoleon's sole aim was the conquest of the entire continent of Europe, and the invasion of Great Britain.

The "usurper" must be subdued by the force of arms, by the squandering of

British wealth, and by the ceaseless sacrifice of human lives. That was the only diplomacy his mental organism could evolve. He used his power of expression, which was great, to such good purpose that his theories were reflected by his supporters. Had Pitt been talented in the genius of international diplomacy, as he was in the other affairs of government, he would have seized the opportunity of making the Peace of Amiens universal and durable. It is futile to contend that Napoleon was irreconcilable. His great ambition was to form a friendship with our Government, which he foresaw would be fashioned into a Continental arrangement, intricate and entangled as all the elements were at the time. Napoleon never ceased to deplore the impossibility of coming to any reciprocal terms with England so long as Pitt's influence was in the ascendant, and he and a large public in France and a minority in this country profoundly believed that Fox had not only the desire, but the following and all the diplomatic qualities, to bring it about. Any close, impartial student of history, free from the popular prejudice which assailed Napoleon's origin and advent to power, cannot but concede the great possibilities of this view. The fact is, the political mind was whirling, and it was permeated and perverted with the idea of his ambition, and possessed by the human aversion to the introduction of new conditions of social and economic life. The ruling classes were filled with alarm lest the spirit of the French Revolution should become popular in this country, and that not only their possessions might be confiscated, but that their lives would be in peril if the doctrines Napoleon stood for were to seize the public imagination. They were afraid, as they are now, of the despotism of democracy, and so they kept the conflict raging for over twenty years.

When the warrior-statesman fell in 1814 the Allies began squabbling over the division of their conquests, an occupation his

return from Elba suddenly interrupted. They then solemnly resolved to make an end of this disturber of the peace once for all, despite the fact that he was the welcomed Emperor of the French.

It was they that were the disturbers of the peace, and especially Great Britain, who headed the coalition to drench again the Continent with human blood. Napoleon offered to negotiate, and never was there a more humane opportunity given to the nations to settle their affairs in a way that would have assured a lasting peace; but here, again, the ruling classes, with their usual assumption of power to use the populations for the purpose of putting each other out of life and creating unspeakable suffering in all the hideous phrases of warfare, refused to negotiate, and at their bidding soldiers were plunged into the last Napoleonic conflict.

Napoleon, says Sir Walter, saw what was going to happen in the future unless Prussian militarism were kept in check. Pitt and his supporters had no prevision at all. They played the Prussian game by combining to bring about the fall of the monarch who might have become this country's ally, and, by undoing his admirable safeguards against Prussia, ultimately forced other German states under her domination.

When we think of responsible Ministers having no other vision or plan of coming to an understanding with the French nation than by their groans, and the odour of blood, it makes one shudder, and we wish to forget that the people allowed them to carry on their hideous methods of settling disputes. There was seldom a time, in our opinion, even during the most embarrassing and darkest phases of the Napoleonic struggle, in which our differences with France were insoluble. Napoleon, as I have said, never ceased to avow his willingness to make vital sacrifices in order that peace between the two peoples should be consummated. The stereotyped cant of maintaining the "Balance of Power" is a poor excuse for plunging a nation into gruesome and horrible wars. When our liberties are threatened it would be a crime not to defend them. But where and when were any of our own interests threatened by Napoleon until we became the aggressors by interfering with the policy of what he called his "Continental system"?

In order that the reader may not think that he is drawing a parallel between the Napoleonic wars and the present struggle, Sir Walter is careful to explain that the circumstances are entirely different.

The political situation then and now bears no comparison. We made war on the French with little real justification, and stained our high sense of justice by driving them to frenzy. We bought soldiers and sailors to

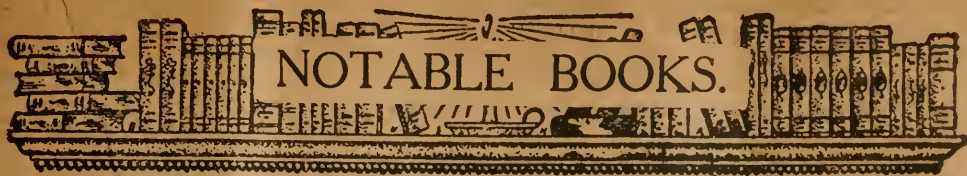
fight them from the impecunious German and Hanoverian princes. We subsidised Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and that foul cesspool Naples, at the expense of starving the poorest classes in our own country. The bellicose portion of the people, composed mainly of the upper and middle classes, shrieked their deluded terrors of extinction into the minds of the people, believing that if we did not make common cause with the down-trodden sanctified allies who were fighting a man-eating ogre, who was overrunning their respective countries, putting everyone to the sword, we should come under his fierce attention, be invaded and ground down to slavery for ever and ever.

All the same it would not be surprising did some independent thinker not wonder whether a hundred years hence people may not take the same view of the Allied refusal to treat with Germany as Sir Walter does of the refusal of England to treat with Napoleon. He holds that whatever we may say there can be no doubt that the French people were behind Napoleon, and it was foolish to say we fought the Emperor and not the French, and says:—

Let us be certain, before we declare that no peace should be negotiated with the German Government until their Emperor has abdicated or is otherwise disposed of, that the German people do not believe in him and may retort, "Hands off our Emperor! He is the personification of Germany. If he goes down, we shall go with him!"

Whilst not at all agreeing with Sir Walter's conclusions I give them to show the attitude of mind many people are now adopting towards our actions a century and more ago. He says:—

In the effort to crush a cause and a nation which had been brought out of the depths of anarchy and raised once more to power by the advent of a New Man, the British Government of that period made their country parties to slaughter which, in the light of subsequent events, has left a stain on our diplomacy that can never be effaced, no matter what narrative may be set forth to excuse it. Never in the whole history of blurred diplomatic vision has there evolved so great a calamity to the higher development of civilisation. By taking so prominent a part in preventing Napoleon from fulfilling the purpose for which nature appeared to show he was intended, we made the opportunity for Germany to develop systematically diabolical arts of treachery and greed that have involved the universe in war and drenched it with human blood. The Allies pursued Napoleon in his downfall. Their attitude during the whole course of his rule was shortsightedly vindictive. They gloated over his misfortune when he became their victim, and they consummated their vengeance by making him a martyr.



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.*

Before the Bolsheviks got on top in Russia the American and British feeling about the revolution was strikingly uniform. The pogrom, the Cossack, the knout, Siberia—these are household words in Britain and America, symbolic of the infamy of Tsardom. Men who take a conservative position on home affairs have seldom had difficulty in feeling sympathy with the Russian struggle from the early days of Nihilism; all America clearly rejoiced over the revolution. In the President's war message in April it was embraced as the happiest of political circumstances. It was with the Tsar's Russia that England and France had joined hands in the war with Germany. President Wilson gloried in the fact that this formal ally was destroyed, that a real ally had been created by process of revolution. In the first years of the war, it is true, an effort had been made in England to whitewash the Russian Government, to disguise the fact that a most loathsome dynasty and a most corrupt and incompetent bureaucracy were associated with the Allies.

The Revolution saved America the problem of any such hypocrisy. It cleared the Russian people of the evil entail from Romanoff diplomats, left them free to disown every selfish aim that had actuated the old order and to espouse the war in the name of only such understandings as could hold and inspire a free people. The mood of Russia towards the war was not however the first thing to be scrutinised by those who welcomed the revolution. The Allied diplomats, indeed, were by no means possessed by the idea that new Russia would have to be won to the war, won to the idea of continuing a struggle that was begun under the régime of old Russia and the Tsar.

Since the Bolsheviks began negotiating for peace, however, an entirely new aspect of the revolution has been revealed. Here

is a powerful faction in Russia that is plausibly explained to be either corrupted or beguiled by the Germans. So serious are the consequences of Russian withdrawal, so immense the prestige and power of German arms, that the defection of Russia has the air of criminality or lunacy to those who supposed that the transition from Tsardom to freedom could be accomplished without touching the morale of the war. If the outcome of revolution is a Russia that will not keep its pact with the Allies, then the revolution deserves no sympathy—that, in a crude phrase, is the pronounced feeling among Allied peoples at present. And Germany chuckles. If there is any failure of sympathy with the revolution, any failure of perception or patience, it is all clear gain for the Germans. The exquisitely pro-German game at the moment is to promote misunderstanding, to sow discord, between the Allies and the Russian revolutionists. To believe Lenin and Trotsky the agents of Germany, to believe the Bolsheviks monsters of baseness or lunacy, to despair of Russia and despise—that is just the frame of mind for which official Germany prays. If the Bolsheviks can be made sufficiently strong with the Russians and sufficiently weak with the Allies, it is a safe guess that Germany will be able to do business with them. And if the game works, especially if the Bolsheviks are strengthened by outsiders' impatience and antagonism, we may partly thank our own failure to understand the revolution, to meet the aims and aspirations of which Lenin and Trotsky have so recklessly availed themselves.

By reading Mr. Olgin's capacious and intelligent book one grasps, to some extent at least, what the complexity of the revolution must be. Jingoism never admit that there is any difficulty about creating morale. Their buff formula is to have you lionise those who agree with you and lynch those who don't. But among less sanguine people the creation of morale is admittedly difficult, even in countries where the public is

*"The Soul of the Russian Revolution." By Moissaye J. Olgin. Introduction by Vladimir G. Simkhovitch. Holt & Co.

disciplined. Imagine the problem of mobilising opinion in a country that has a vast illiteracy, that needs to make the army political in order to win its revolution, and that breaks the bonds of habit, political leading strings, in the very convulsion that threw off the yoke. Imagine the problem of choosing leaders when the supreme consideration of internal adjustment—passionately sought for years and years—is mixed up with the issues of a war that can so easily be minimised by the enemy at the door, that can so readily be confused by Allies occupied with the military situation, far-off. Mr. Olgin does not deal with these specific conditions of a revolution in war-time. He has not so much to say about the revolution in war-time. But by giving us a dynamic estimate and description of the combinations that made up the revolution, the spiritual trinitrotoluol that blew up the Government, he allows us to guess what enlisting Russia in the war must require. He himself is anxious to see Russia continue in the war. He accepts the aims set forth by President Wilson, and disagrees with Lenin and Trotzky. But he is too much a Russian, too much steeped in the revolutionary activities for which he was more than once imprisoned, too deeply immersed in the story he tells, to conceive that there is no other formula for the Bolsheviks than "fight or be damned."

The Soul of the Revolution goes to the depth of Russia. The "negligence, indifference and stupid patience" of the peasant is not idolised. The self-analysing, self-accusing, self-sacrificing intellectual is traced from his first appearance among the nobles to his attempt to lead labour in the flush of the aspirations of 1905. The twelve-hour day, the squalor of 40s. a month in wages, the floggings, and shootings, the imprisonment without trial and persecution without warrant, are all contained in a narrative that in reality is a scrupulously intellectual and statistical version of the industrial and agricultural development which underlay the revolution. On the one side we find a sublime autocracy, absolutistic in theory, glorified by adherents who proclaimed, long after the Duma was put in its political squirrel-cage, "there is no political power in Russia equal to the power of the Tsar." With this absolutism went martial law, the aristocratic imperial council, religious repression, repressed speech, repressed newspapers, repressed trade unions, privileged nationalities

and classes, official manslaughter, universal secret service, political execution by the score (465 in three months of 1906) and political imprisonment by the thousand (70,000 between October, 1905, and April, 1906). On the side opposite to this disguised absolutism and its bureaucracy there was, towards the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries, every description of liberty-seeker, the landlords and nobility and gentry in the country councils, their more radical nominees, the constitutional democrats, the fervid Jews and students who were often social democrats, the venturesome "gathering of industrial workers" as the first groupings of labour-leaders called themselves. The hideous compact of oppressors and parasites kept these extra-governmental forces down, but they seethed underneath. With the inevitable generation of power that goes with industry and new wealth and self-consciousness, autocracy could scarcely force its will. All the bonds of corruption, the strands of duplicity and venality, were not enough to keep the establishment secure. As early as 1903 the Bolsheviks, physical-force extremists, showed the high explosive that repression was generating, and not all the persuasions of the Mensheviks could keep the early Bolsheviks from counting on violent, arbitrary, one-sided revision. When the war came, came the denouement of the bureaucracy. "We wish to save the country—the bureaucracy opposes." All Russia, conservatives as well as rebels, accepted this tremendous truism. If Russia was lost to the Allies after the revolution, the army was lost to Russia before it. The bureaucracy were the truest pro-Germans of all.

With the fine aid of Russian portraitists, verbal and visual, as well as economists and political observers, Mr. Olgin amplifies his interpretation of the Russian revolution and its antecedents. It is impossible to read him without gratitude for his clarity, his objectivity, his documentation, and impossible not to conclude from reading him that the first fact about Russia is still the Tsardom that has been deposed. In another book Mr. Olgin may go on beyond March, 1917. Meanwhile we must infer that unless we understand Tsardom, we are in no position to talk war to the Russians. The inherent Tsardom in Germany, the inherent liberty in France and England, and the United States, is the lesson new Russia has yet to learn.

F.H.

A GREAT WAR HISTORY.*

There are already numbers of war histories, and as time goes on more and more will be published, but it is safe to say that none will have the unique interest of that issued by *The New York Times*. For at least two years *The Current History Magazine* has been regarded—and rightly regarded—as the best of all the war magazines published. It gave both sides as far as this was possible. In its pages were collected the official statements of Prime Ministers and generals, of Presidents and Monarchs, and articles written by leaders in Great Britain, in France, in Germany, in Russia, in Belgium—in fact, in every country, belligerent and neutral. There were to be found authoritative statements on all manner of subjects from the feeding of the Belgians to the sinking of merchant ships, from the mobilisation of German resources to the revolution in Russia. The lucid and carefully prepared accounts of military campaigns and great battles were made easily understandable by the splendid maps which accompanied them. The most varied and valuable information on everything connected with the mighty struggle found place in its pages.

It would have been wicked to allow all this wealth of information to go to waste, and *The New York Times* has collected it into the History under review. These ten volumes teem with information everyone needs or ought to need, and no one having them can fail to be well posted on just those matters which are important if a proper idea of the struggle is to be obtained in true perspective. There are over 6000 pages in the ten volumes, and each has a comprehensive introduction dealing with the particular period of the war touched on in the following pages. More important still every volume is comprehensively and accurately indexed.

Not the least interesting feature is the collection of caricatures dealing with the struggle from every point of view, whilst splendid photographs of all the notables of both groups of powers are finely reproduced. The maps are an important addition, and enable the reader to follow the course of the struggle with intelligence, whilst the contributions from men of widely divergent political and national views enable one to arrive at a far better knowledge of the

real feelings of the peoples engaged in the struggle than can possibly be obtained from a war history compiled by a single man or group of editors.

The New York Times is, of course, peculiarly fitted for the task of producing such a history. Its immense resources enabled it to send special war correspondents to Europe, and, as for over two years the United States was neutral, these men went not only to Allied countries, but also to enemy lands. The descriptions they give of conditions in Germany, and Austria, and Russia, and Roumania, *et alia*, add immensely to the value of the history, and in no other that I have yet seen are such articles to be found. Instead of publishing only the writings of Allied authors and statesmen, *The New York Times* boldly gives those of enemy leaders as well, with an impartiality which is rare in times like these. With representatives all over the world, with boundless funds at its disposal, with artists and map-makers at command, *The New York Times* had an immense advantage over any other organisation which set out to publish a record of the war. The result more than justifies expectations, and this magnificent work is indeed a unique and invaluable story of one of the epoch-making periods of the world's history.

It is impossible in a short review to do justice to the volumes. As one dips and dips into their pages one finds ever more and more to praise, becomes more and more amazed at the wealth and diversity of the information given. The index reveals scarcely any matters untouched on. Statistics of armies and navies, of man power, of wounded and killed, of ship sinkings and submarine activity. The fundamental official documents and utterances of statesmen which have influenced the struggle are all to be found in these ten volumes. We read about Poland and its future, about the position in Holland and Switzerland. Find the declarations of German leaders as well as of French statesmen. Get an insight into the situation in Turkey, and are helped to a true knowledge of the meaning of the Russian revolutionary movement. In fact, the more one turns the pages of this war history the more convinced one becomes that it is the finest thing of its kind which has yet been produced, and the promise of future volumes makes certain that its value will be still further increased.

*"The European War." Ten volumes, "The New York Times." (Agent for Australasia. Albert A. Snowden, Sydney.)

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

The largest combine within the match industry has just been completed in Sweden, involving (says the Copenhagen correspondent of the *London Grocer*), a minimum share capital of 40,000,000 kroner. The Tonkojng and Vulean factories on the one side, and the United Swede match factories on the other side have amalgamated, and the domicile of the new concern will be Stockholm. In addition to the various works in Sweden, the new company controls factories in Norway, Finland, Russia and England.

To increase the lending power of the United States, President Wilson has issued an advice to the State banks, and the trust companies to join the Federal Reserve system. "It is manifestly imperative," he says, "that there should be a complete mobilisation of the banking reserves of the United States." The State banking institutions, for some reason, have, until recently, seemed inclined to hold aloof. Congress, a few months ago, prescribed very generous terms for the admission of the State banks into the Federal Reserve system, which have removed the objections heretofore raised by the State banks when considering membership.

The trade of Egypt during the last three years shows a balance in favour of that country of, roughly, from 35 to 40 millions sterling. The larger part of this trade, it is understood, has been dealt with through the National Bank of Egypt. The note issue of that institution at the end of September, 1914, was about two million Egyptian pounds. At the end of September last it had reached 17 millions, and is now in the neighbourhood of 25 million Egyptian pounds, or, approximately, 25½ millions sterling. As these notes are chiefly backed by the bank's holding of British Treasury Bills, it will be seen that Egypt to that extent is adding to the services she is rendering to Britain in her present difficulties.

Early in November M. Klotz, Minister of Finance, together with M. George Pallain, the Governor of the Bank of France, signed a convention for the granting of an extension of the privileges of the great French institution for a further period of 25 years. This convention now only awaits

ratification by the French Parliament. The Bank of France has rendered inestimable services in the interests of its country both before and since the commencement of the present great struggle, which services are said to be fully recognised by all classes in the land. Therefore, although the right of issue of the bank does not expire until December 31st, 1920, it is fairly certain (says *The Statist*) that the proposed further extension will be sanctioned by the French chambers without delay.

One of the strangest results of the war is that such a butter-producing country as Denmark has come to be rationed in its home consumption of butter. Yet that is what is going to happen, although the details of the rationing scheme have not yet been definitely settled. From December 1st, the butter-loving Danes would have to put up with 250 grams (half Danish lb.) per person per week. The rationing also comprises middle-cuts of bacon (70 grams per week), and other hog products (180 grams per week).

Although the enhanced price of cotton throughout the world must have been responsible for a check upon the consumption of that commodity, that great cotton manufacturing firm in Britain—J. and P. Coats Ltd.—seems to have suffered very little so far as its profits are concerned. For instance, during the twelve months ended June 30th, 1917, the net profit, after providing for depreciation, amounted to £3,361,000, as compared with £3,387,400 for 1915-16. The dividend has been maintained at the rate of 30 per cent., but many shareholders were of the opinion that the amount should have been increased on this occasion, and the value of the shares of the company reacted for a time! In addition the directors have set aside £2,000,000 to a war contingencies fund, the total reserves now amounting to £9,600,000, or very nearly equal to the whole share capital of the company! The company had branches in Belgium, Germany, Austria and Russian Poland, its mills at Łódź being particularly important, and as all these are in enemy hands, their future is very uncertain. Hence the directors decision to set aside a special reserve as indicated.

The Winds of Chance

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Barrier," "The Iron Trail," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Silver Horde," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Pierce Phillips, a unit in the stream of gold seekers flowing inland toward the Chilkoot Pass which led to the latest discovered mine field of Alaska, was halted with most of his fellows at Dyea by a notice, posted by the North-West Mounted Police, declaring that the Canadian authorities would not let anyone cross the frontier unless possessed of a thousand dollars and a ton of provisions. Like others he had come north to get rich quick and this notice effectively barred his further advance towards the El Dorado of the snows. After a vain endeavour to convert his 200 dollars into a thousand by betting on a "shell game," whereby he lost all he had, this sturdy young pioneer set to work to earn money by hiring himself out as a "Packer," over the Chilkoot Pass. On one of these monotonous trips he met a French Canadian named 'Poleon Doret, a cheerful giant, and Tom Linton, an elderly man engaged in packing goods to his tent at Linderman. Linton and Phillips, to their amazement, and this occupied on their arrival, the temporary tenant being an entirely self-possessed Norwegian, whose ice blue eyes, dazzling complexion, splendid figure and flaxen hair bespoke her nationality. After explaining her presence in the tent she gives her name as the Countess Courteau. She was completely mistress of herself and had a forceful compelling way with others. There was a natural air of authority about her which caused the men to be in no way surprised when she announced her intention of departing early in the morning for Dyea, on business, engaging Phillips to act as her carrier over the Pass to Sheep Camp, where he had his headquarters. They parted there, and Pierce proceeded to the tent of the brothers McCaskey with whom he had been working since his arrival in the country. He had given Jim, the younger, a thousand dollars to deposit in Dyea for him but finds Jim in bed with a broken head, the result of an encounter with robbers on the way. Explanations of the incident which has lost Pierce all his savings are interrupted by the entrance of armed deputies of the Vigilance Committee who hale Joe and Jim McCaskey and Phillips away on a charge of stealing a bag of rice, which bag is discovered in their tent. At the trial the McCaskeys manage to successfully throw suspicion on Pierce, who is unable to convince his judges that he had not been at Sheep Camp when the robbery was committed. He could produce no witnesses to prove his visit to Linderman, and, in view of the McCaskeys' evidence, his guilt appears so clear that there is a general demand that he be immediately hung. 'Poleon Doret, however, arrives with the Countess Courteau, and turn the tables on the McCaskeys. During the proceedings Jim insults the Countess, and Pierce strikes him. In the melee Jim's bandage is knocked off, and no wound is disclosed. The reported assault and robbery are thus proved false, and Pierce gets back his thousand dollars. The court condemns the two brothers to forty lashes each. Whilst preparations are being made to carry out the sentence on Joe, Jim dashes free, but is shot dead as he runs. Ten lashes suffice to ont Jim's back to ribbons, and he is let go. After his narrow escape Pierce decides to leave Sheep Camp and go to Dyea—to which place the Countess has already departed. He finds her there bargaining with the proprietor of the only hotel for his establishment, which she finally purchases, all but the timber, for fifteen thousand dollars, with the object of transporting it to Dawson before the ice came. She hires Pierce as her manager, and he speedily collects helpers, and they have the place dismantled in a couple of days. The Countess engages Lucky Broad, the shell m' and his partner, Kid Bridges, to join the

fit. On the scene of demolition comes "One-armed" Sam Kirby, a noted gambler, with his daughter, Rouletta, and his *Fides Achutes*, Danny Royal. "One-Arm" is engaged in running liquor through to Dawson, and there is trouble when Royal finds out that the Countess has engaged all the Indian porters available. Pierce had all the movable appurtenances of the Royal Hotel packed into boxes, bales and bundles in 48 hours. He counted on getting it all carried over the Pass to Linderman in two trips. The Indians, however, had been bought over by Royal, and, dumping their burdens as soon as they were out of sight, went straight back to Dyea to pick up Kirby's freight at double rates. The furious Countess met them as they reached the crossing, laden with "one armed" Sam's belongings, and at the point of her revolver compelled the Chief to order the bundles to be dropped and her own picked up instead. Royal gives way with as good grace as he can and returns to Dyea leaving the Indians to carry the Countess' burdens over the Chilkoot. Rapid progress was made with building the boats needed to transport the hotel fittings to Dawson City, but though Pierce and his men were quick, so too were Royal and his workers. Their scow was ready almost as soon as the small boats in which the Countess preferred to venture her fortunes. Meanwhile Tom Linton and Jerry Quirk—the leader of the Vigilantes who had arrested Pierce and the McCaskeys—worn with the trials of the Klondike quarrel furiously whilst at work in a saw pit and decide to end their partnership. They divide everything they have, even going so far as to saw their new boat in twain. The tent fell to Linton and the stove to Quirk, and both endeavoured to make the best of things in the wild and bitter night which followed. The boisterous wind roused Pierce who set out to see if his boats and cargo were in danger. He discovered the Countess watching the storm and began his first intimate talk with her. She tells him of the hard life she has led and states that he is the only man who has ever done her an unselfish favour.

CHAPTER X. (Continued).

"Perhaps I'm not unselfish," he told her sullenly.

The Countess did not heed this remark, she did not seem to read the least significance into it. Her chin was upon her knees, her face was turned again to the darkness whence came the rising voice of stormy waters. The wind whipped a strand of her hair into Phillips's face.

"It is hard work fighting men—and women, too—and I'm awfully tired. Tired inside, you understand? One get's tired fighting alone—always alone. One has dreams of—well, dreams. It's a pity they never come true."

"What are some of them?" he inquired.

The woman, still under the spell of her hour, made as if to answer, then she stirred and raised her head. "This isn't a safe 'g't to talk about them. I think I shall

go to bed." She extended her hand to Phillips, but instead of taking it he reached forth and lifted her bodily down out of the wind. She gasped as she felt his strong hands under her arms; for a moment her face brushed his, and her fragrant breath was warm against his cheek. Phillips lowered her gently, slowly, until her feet were on the ground, but even then his grasp lingered and he held her fast. They stood breast to breast for a moment, and Pierce saw that in this woman's expression was neither fear nor resentment, but some strange emotion new-born of the night—an emotion which his act had started into life and which as yet she did not fully understand. Her eyes were wide and wondering; they remained fixed upon his, and that very fixity suggested a meaning so surprising, so significant, that he felt the world spin dizzily under him. She was astonished yet expectant, she was stunned but ready. He experienced a fierce desire to hold her closer, closer, to crush her in his arms, and although she resisted faintly, unconsciously, even while she yielded, her inner being answered his without reserve. She did not turn her face away when his came closer, even when his lips covered hers.

After a long moment she surrendered wholly, she snuggled closer, and bowed her head upon his shoulder. Her cheek against his was very cold from the wind, and Pierce discovered that it was wet with tears.

"It has been a long fight," she sighed in a voice that he could scarcely hear. "I didn't know how tired I was."

Phillips groped for words but he could find nothing to say, his ordered thoughts having fled before this sudden gust of ardour as leaves are whirled away before a tempest. All he knew was that in his arms lay a woman he had knelt to, a worshipful goddess of snow and gold before whom he had abased himself, but who had turned to flesh at his first touch. He kissed her again and again, warmly, tenderly, and yet with a ruthless fervour that grew after each caress, and she submitted passively, the while those tears stole down her cheeks. In reality she was neither passive nor passionless, for her body quivered, and Phillips knew that his touch had set her afire; but rather she seemed to be exhausted, and at the same time enthralled as by some dream from which she was loath to rouse herself.

After awhile her hand rose to his face and stroked it softly; then she drew her-

self away from him, and with a wan smile upon her lips, said: "The wind has made a fool of me."

"No, no!" he cried forcefully. "You asked me what I think of you? Well, now you know."

Still smiling, she shook her head slowly, then she told him: "Come! I hear the rain."

"But I want to talk to you. I have so much to say——"

"What is there to talk about to-night? Hark!" They could feel, rather than hear, the first warnings of the coming downpour, so hand in hand they walked up the gravelly beach, and into the fringe of the forest where glowed the dull illumination from lamplit canvas walls. When they paused before the Countess's tent Pierce once more enfolded her in his arms and sheltered her from the boisterous breath of the night. His emotions were in a similar tumult, but as yet he could not voice them; he could merely stammer:

"You have never told me your name?"

"Hilda."

"May I—call you that?"

She nodded. "Yes—when we are alone. Hilda Halberg, that was my name."

"Hilda! Hilda—Phillips." Pierce tried the sound curiously. The Countess drew back abruptly, with a shiver, then in answer to his quick concern, said:

"I—I think I'm cold."

He undertook to clasp her closer, but she held him off, murmuring: "Let it be Hilda Halberg for to-night. Let's not think of —. Let's not think at all. Hilda—bride of the storm. There's a tempest in my blood, and who can think with a tempest raging?" She raised her face and kissed him upon the lips, then disengaging herself once more from his hungry arms she stepped inside her shelter. The last he saw of her was her luminous smile framed against the black background, then she let the tent-fly fall.

As Phillips turned away big raindrops began to drum upon the nearby tent roofs, the spruce tops overhead bent low, limbs threshed as the gusty night wind beat upon them. But he heard none of it, felt none of it, for in his ears rang the music of the spheres, and on his face lingered the warmth of a woman's lips, the first love kiss that he had ever known.

CHAPTER XI.

TOM LINTON roused himself from a chilly doze to find that the rain had come at last. It was a roaring night, his tent was bellied in by the force of the wind, and the raindrops beat upon it with the force of buckshot. Through the entrance slit, through the open stove-pipe hole the gale poured, bringing dampness with it, and rendering the interior as draughty as a corncrib. Rolling himself more tightly in his blankets Linton addressed the darkness through chattering teeth!

"Darned old fool! This'll teach him!"

He strained his ears for sounds of Jerry, but could hear nothing above the slatting of wet canvas, the tattoo of drops and the roar of wind in the tree-tops. After the first violence of the squall had passed he fancied he could hear his former partner stirring, so he arose and peered out into the night. At first he could see nothing, but in time he dimly made out Jerry struggling with his tarpaulin. Evidently the fly had blown down, or up, and its owner was restretching it. Linton grinned. That would drench the old dodo to the skin, and he'd soon be around begging shelter.

"But I won't let him in, not if he drowns," Tom muttered harshly. He recalled one of Jerry's jibes at the sawpit, a particularly unfeeling, nay, a down-right venomous insult, which had rankled steadily ever since. His former friend had seen fit to ridicule honest perspiration, and to pretend to mistake it for raindrops. That remark had been utterly uncalled-for, and it had betrayed a wanton malice, a malevolent desire to wound; well, here was a chance to even the score. When Jerry came dripping to the tent-door, Tom decided he would poke his head out into the deluge and then cry in evident astonishment: "Why, Jerry, you've been working, haven't you? You're all sweaty!" Mr. Linton giggled out loud. That would be a refinement of sarcasm, that would be a get-back of the finest. If Jerry insisted upon coming in out of the wet he'd tell him gruffly to get out of there and try the lake for a change.

But Mr. Quirk made no move in the direction of the tent; instead, he built a fire in his stove and crouched over it, endeavouring vainly to shelter himself from the driving rain. Linton watched him with mingled impatience and resentment; would the old fool never get enough? Jerry was

the most unreasonable, the most tantalising person in the world.

After a time Mr. Linton found that his teeth were chattering and that his frame had been smitten as by an ague; reluctantly he crept back into bed. He determined to buy, beg, borrow or steal some more bedding on the morrow—early on the morrow, in order to forestall Jerry. Jerry would have to find a tent somewhere, and inasmuch as there were none to be had here at Linderman he would probably have to return to Dyea. That would delay him seriously, enough perhaps so that the paws of winter would close down upon him. Through the drone of pattering drops there came the faint sound of a cough.

Mr. Linton sat up in bed. "Pneumonia," he exclaimed. "Well, Jerry was getting exactly what he deserved; he had called him, Tom, an 'old fool,' a 'damned old fool,' to be precise. The epithet in itself meant nothing—it was in fact a fatuous and feeble term of abuse as compared to the opprobrious titles which he and Jerry were in the habit of exchanging—it was that abominable adjective which hurt. Jerry and he had called each other many names at times, they had exchanged numerous gibes and insults, but nothing like that hateful word 'old' had ever passed between them until this fatal morning. Jerry Quirk himself was old, the oldest man in the world, perhaps, but Tom had exercised an admirable regard for his partner's feelings and had never cast it up to him. Thus had his consideration been repaid. However, the poor fellow's race was about run, for he couldn't stand cold or exposure. Why, a wet foot sent him to bed. How then could a rickety ruin of his antiquity withstand the ravages of pneumonia—galloping pneumonia, at that?"

Linton reflected that common decency would demand that he wait over a day or two and help bury the old man—people would expect that much of him. He'd do it. He'd speak kindly of the departed; he'd even erect a cross and write an epitaph upon it—a kindly, lying epitaph extolling the dead man's virtues, and omitting all mention of his faults.

Once more that hacking cough sounded, and the listener stirred uneasily. Jerry had some virtues—a few of the common, elemental sort—he was honest, and he was brave, but for that matter so were most people. Yes, the old scoundrel had nerve enough. Linton recalled a certain day, long past, when he and Quirk had been

sent out to round up some cattle rustlers. Being the youngest deputies in the sheriff's office the toughest jobs invariably fell to them. Those were the good, glad days, Tom reflected. Jerry had made a reputation on that trip, and he had saved his companion's life—Linton flopped nervously in his bed at the memory. Why think of days dead and gone? Jerry was an altogether different man in those times; he neither criticised nor permitted others to criticise his team-mate, and so far as that particular obligation went Linton had repaid it with compound interest. If anything, the debt now lay on Jerry's side.

Tom tried to close the book of memory, and to consider nothing whatever except the rankling present, but now that his thoughts had begun to run backward he could not head them off. He wished Jerry wouldn't cough; it was a distressing sound, and it disturbed his rest. Nevertheless, that hollow, hacking complaint continued, and finally the listener arose, lit a lantern, put on a slicker, and untied his tent-flaps.

Jerry's stove was sizzling in the partial shelter of the canvas sheet; over it the owner crouched in an attitude of cheerless dejection.

"How you making out?" Tom inquired gruffly. His voice was cold, his manner was both repellant and hostile.

"Who—me?" Jerry peered up from under his glistening sou'-wester. "Oh, I'm doin' fine!"

Linton remained silent, ill at ease; water drained off his coat, his lantern flared smokily in the wind. After a time he cleared his throat and inquired:

"Wet?"

"Naw!"

There was a long pause, then the visitor inquired:

"Are you lying?"

"Unh—hunh!" Again silence claimed both men until Tom broke out irritably:

"Well, you aim to set here all night?"

"Sure, I ain't sleepy. I don't mind a little mist, and I'm plenty warm." This cheerful assertion was belied by the miserable quaver in which it was voiced.

"Why don't you—er—run over to my tent?" Linton gasped, and swallowed hard. The invitation was out, the damage was done. "There's lots of room."

Mr. Quirk spared his caller's further feelings by betraying no triumph whatever. Rather plaintively he declared: "I got room enough here. It ain't exactly room I need." Again he coughed.

"Here! Get a move on you, quick," Linton ordered forcefully. "The idea of you setting around hatching out a lungful of pneumonia bugs! Git! I'll bring your bedding."

Mr. Quirk rose with alacrity. "Say! let's take my stove over to your tent and warm her up. I bet you're cold?"

"N—no! I'm comfortable enough." The speaker's teeth played an accompaniment to this mendacious denial. "Of course I'm not sweating any, but—I s'pose the stove would cheer things up, eh? Rotten night, ain't it?"

"Worst I ever saw. Rotten country, for that matter."

"You said something," Mr. Linton chattered, and he nodded his head with vigour.

It was wet work moving Jerry's belongings, but the transfer was finally effected. the stove was set up, and a new fire was started. This done, Tom brought forth a bottle of whisky.

"Here," said he, "take a snifter. It'll do you good."

Jerry eyed the bottle with frank astonishment before he exclaimed, "Why, I didn't know you was a drinkin' man. You been hidin' a secret vice from me!"

"No. And I'm not a drinking man. I brought it along for—you. I—er—that cough of yours used to worry me, so——"

"Pshaw! I cough easy. You know that."

"You take a jolt and——" Linton flushed with embarrassment—"and I'll have one with you. I was lying just now; I'm colder'n a frog's belly."

"Happy days!" said Quirk, as he tipped the bottle.

"A long life and a wicked one!" Linton drank in his turn. "Now, then, get out of those cold compresses. Here's some dry underclothes—thick, too. We'll double up those hen-skin blankets—for to-night—and I'll keep the fire a-going. I'll cure that cough if I sweat you as white as a wash-woman's thumb."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Jerry declared, as he removed his sodden garments and hung them up. "You'll crawl right into bed with me, and we'll have a good sleep. You're near dead."

But Linton was by no means reassured, his tone was querulous when he cried: "Why didn't you come in before you caught hold? 'Spose you got sick on me, now? But you won't. I won't let you." In a panic of apprehension he dug out his half of the contents of the medicine kit and

began to paw through them. "Who got the cough syrup, Jerry—you or me?" The speaker's voice broke miserably.

Mr. Quirk laid a trembling hand upon his ex-partner's shoulder; his voice, too, was shaky, when he said, "You're awful good to me, Tom."

The other shook off the grasp and undertook to read the labels on the bottles, but they had become unaccountably blurred, and there was a painful lump in his throat. It seemed to him that old Jerry's bare legs looked pitifully thin and spidery, and that his bony knees had a rheumatic appearance.

"Hell! I treated you mighty mean," said he. "But—I most died when you—began to cough. I thought sure——" Tom choked and shook his grey head, then with the heel of his harsh palm he wiped a drop of moisture from his cheek. "Look at me—cryin'!" He tried to laugh and failed.

Jerry, likewise, struggled with his tears.

"You—you dam' old fool!" he cried affectionately.

Linton smiled with delight. "Give it to me," he urged. "Lam into me, Jerry! I deserve it. Gosh, I was lonesome!"

A half-hour later the two friends were lying side by side in their bed, and the stove was glowing comfortably. They had ceased shivering. Old Jerry had "spooned" up close to old Tom, and his bodily heat was grateful.

Linton eyed the fire with tender yearning. "That's a good stove you got," said he.

"She's a corker, ain't she?"

"I been thinking about trading you a half interest in my tent for a half interest in her."

"The trade's made." There was a moment of silence. "What d'you say we hook up together—sort of go pardners for awhile? I got a long outfit and a short boat; I'll put 'em in against yours. I bet we'd get along all right. I'm onnery, but I got good points."

Mr. Linton smiled dreamily. "It's a go. I need a good partner."

"I'll buy a new fryin'-pan out of my money. Mine got split somehow."

Tom chuckled. "You darned old fool!" said he.

Jerry heaved a long sigh and snuggled closer; soon he began to snore. He snored in a low and confident tone at first, but gradually the sound increased in volume and rose in pitch.

Linton listened to it with a thrill and he assured himself that he had never heard music of such soul-satisfying sweetness as issued from the nostrils of his new partner.

CHAPTER XII.

TO the early Klondikers, Chilkoot Pass was a personality, a Presence at once sinister, cruel, and forbidding. So, too, only in a greater measure, was Miles Canyon. The Chilkoot toyed with men, it wore them out, it stripped them of their strength and their manhood, it wrecked their courage and it broke their hearts: the Canyon sucked them in and swallowed them. This Canyon is nothing more nor less than a rift in a great basaltic barrier which lies athwart the river's course, the entrance to it being much like the door in a wall. Above it the waters are dammed and into it they pour as into a flume: down it they rage in swiftly increasing fury for it is steeply pitched, and although the gorge itself is not long, immediately below it are other turbulent stretches equally treacherous. It seems as if here, within the space of some four miles, Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in inventing terrors to frighten invaders, as if here she had combined every possible peril of river travel. The result of her labours is a series of cataclysms.

Immediately below the Canyon itself are the Squaw Rapids, where the torrent spills itself over a confusion of boulders, bursting into foam and gyrating in dizzy whirlpools, its surface broken by explosions of spray or pitted by devouring vortices resembling the oily mouths of marine monsters. Below this, in turn, is the White Horse, worst of all. Here the flood somersaults over a tremendous reef, flinging on high a gleaming curtain of spray. These rapids are well named, for the tossing waves resemble nothing more than runaway white horses with streaming manes and tails.

These are by no means all the dangers that confronted the first Yukon stampedeers—there are other troublesome waters below, for instance, Rink Rapids, where the river boils and bubbles like a kettle over an open fire, and Five Fingers, so-called by reason of a row of knobby, knuckled pinnacles that reach up like the stiff digits of a drowning hand and split the stream into divergent channels—but those three, Miles Canyon, the Squaw and White Horse, were the worst, and together they constituted a

menace that tried the courage of the bravest man.

In the Canyon, where the waters are most narrowly constricted, they heap themselves up into a longitudinal ridge or bore, a comb perhaps four feet higher than the general level. To ride this crest and to avoid the destroying fangs that lie in wait on either side is a feat that calls for nerve and skill and endurance on the part of boatmen. The whole four miles is a place of many voices, a thundering place that numbs the senses and destroys all hearing. Its tumult is heard afar and it covers the entire region like a blanket. The weight of that sound is oppressive.

Winter was at the heels of the Courteau party when it arrived at this point in its journey: it brought up the very tail of the autumn rush and the ice was close behind. The Countess and her companions had the uncomfortable feeling that they were inside the jaws of a trap which might be sprung at any moment, for already the hills were dusted with grey and white, creeks and rivulets were steadily dwindling and shelf ice was forming on the larger streams; the skies were low and overcast, and there was a vicious tingle to the air. Delays had slowed them up, as for instance at Windy Arm, where a gale had held them in camp for several days: then, too, their boats were built of poorly seasoned lumber, and in consequence were in need of frequent attention. Eventually however they came within hearing of a faint whisper, as of wind among pine branches, then of a muffled murmur that grew to a sullen diapason. The current quickened beneath them, the river banks closed in, and finally beetling cliffs arose, between which was a cleft that swallowed the stream.

Just above the opening was a landing-place where boats lay gunwale to gunwale, and here the Courteau skiffs were grounded. A number of weather-beaten tents were stretched among the trees. Most of them were the homes of pilots, but others were occupied by voyagers who preferred to chance a winter's delay as the price of portaging their goods around rather than risk their all upon one throw of fortune. The great majority of the arrivals, however, were re-stowing their outfits, lashing them down and covering them preparatory to a dash through the shouting chasm. There was an atmosphere of excitement and apprehension about the place: every face was

strained and expectant, fear lurked in many an eye.

On a tree near the landing were two placards. One bore a finger pointing up the steep trail to the top of the ridge, and it was marked:

"This way—two weeks."

The other pointed down directly into the throat of the roaring gorge. It read:

"This way—two minutes."

Pierce Phillips smiled as he perused these signs, then he turned up the trail, for in his soul was a consuming curiosity to see this place of which he had heard so much.

Near the top of the slope he met a familiar figure coming down, a tall, upstanding French-Canadian who gazed out at the world through friendly eyes.

Poleon Doret recognised the newcomer and burst into a boisterous greeting.

"Wal, wal!" he cried. "You ain't live to be hung yet, eh? Now you come lookin' for me, I bet."

"Yes. You're the very man I want to see."

"Good! I tak' you t'rough."

Phillips smiled frankly, "I'm not sure I want to go through. I'm in charge of a big outfit and I'm looking for a pilot and a professional crew. I'm a perfect dub at this sort of thing."

Poleon nodded. "Dere's no use risk it if you ain't got to, dat's fac'. I don' lost no boats yet but—sometam's I bus' 'em up pretty bad." He grinned cheerily. "Dese newcomer get scare' easy an' forget to row, den dey say, 'Poleon, she's bum pilot.' You seen de Canyon yet?" When Pierce shook his head the speaker turned back and led the way out to the rim.

It was an impressive spectacle that Phillips beheld. Perhaps a hundred feet directly beneath him the river whirled and leaped: cross-currents boiled out from projecting irregularities in the walls, here and there the waters tumbled madly and flung wet arms aloft, while up out of the gorge came a mighty murmur, redoubled by the echoing cliffs. A log came plunging through and it moved with the speed of a torpedo. Phillips watched it fascinated.

"Look! Dere's a boat," Poleon cried. In between the basalt jaws appeared a skiff with two rowers and a man in the stern. The latter was braced on widespread legs and he held his weight upon a steering sweep. Down the boat came at a galloping gait, threshing over waves and flinging spray head high: it bucked and it dove, it

buried its nose and then lifted it, but the oarsmen laboured desperately, and the helmsman continued to maintain it on a steady course.

"Bravo!" Doret shouted, waving his cap. To Pierce he said: "Dat's good pilot, an' he knows swif' water. But dere's lot of feller here who ain't so good. Dey tak' chance. for beeg money. Wal, w'at you t'ink of her? She's dandy, eh?"

"It's an—inferno," Pierce acknowledged. "You earn all the money you get for running it."

"You don' care for 'im, w'at?"

"I do not. I don't mind taking a chance, but—what chance would a fellow have in there? Why, he'd never come up."

"Dat's right."

Phillips stared at his companion curiously. You must need money pretty badly."

The giant shook his head in vigorous denial. "No! Money? Pouf! She come, she go. But, you see—plenty people drowned if somebody don' tak' dem t'rough, so—I stay. Dis winter I build myse'f nice cabin an' do li'l trappin'. Nex' summer I pilot again."

"Aren't you going to Dawson?" Pierce was incredulous: he could not understand this fellow.

Doret's expression changed, a fleeting sadness settled in his eyes. "I been dere," said he, "I ain't care much for seein' beeg city. I'm lonesome feller." After a moment he exclaimed more brightly: "Now, we go. I see if I can hire crew to row your boats."

"How does she look to you?" Lucky Broad inquired when Pierce and his companion appeared. He and Bridges had not taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the Canyon, but immediately upon landing had begun to stow away their freight and lash a tarpaulin over it.

"Better go up and see for yourself," the young man suggested.

Lucky shook his head. "Not me," he declared. "I can hear all I want to—listen to it! I got a long life ahead of me and I'm going to nurse it!"

Kid Bridges was of like mind, for he said: "Sure! We was a coupla brave guys in Dyea, but what's the good of runnin' up to an undertaker and giving him your measurements? He'll get a tape-line on you soon enough.

"Then you don't intend to chance it?" Pierce inquired.

Broad scowled at the questioner. "Say I I wouldn't walk down that place if it was froze."

"Nor me," the other gambler agreed. "Not for a million dollars would I tease the embalmer that way. Not for a million, would you, Lucky?"

Broad appeared to weigh the figures carefully, then he said doubtfully: "I'm a cheap guy. I might risk it once—for five hundred thousand, cash. But that's rock-bottom: I wouldn't take a nickel less."

Doret had been listening with some amusement, now he said:

"You boys got wide pay-streak, eh?"

Bridges nodded without shame. "Wider'n a swamp, and yellern butter."

"Wal, I see w'at I can do." The pilot walked on up the bank in search of a crew.

In the course of a half-hour he was back again, and with him came the Countess Courteau. Calling Pierce aside the woman said swiftly: "We can't get a soul to help us—everybody's in a rush—we'll have to use our own men."

"Broad and Bridges are the best we have," he told her, "but they refuse."

"You're not afraid, are you?"

Now Pierce was afraid, and he longed mightily to admit that he was, but he lacked the courage to do so. He smiled feebly and shrugged, whereupon the former speaker misread his apparent indifference and flashed him a smile. "Forgive me," she said in a low voice. "I know you're not." She hurried down to the water's edge and addressed the two gamblers in a business-like tone: "We've no time to lose: which one of you wants to lead off with Doret and Pierce?"

The men exchanged glances. It was Broad who finally spoke. "We been figuring it would please us better to walk," he said mildly.

"Suit yourselves," the Countess told them coolly. "But it's a long walk from here to Dawson." She turned back to Pierce and said:

"You've seen the Canyon: there's no thing so terrible about it, is there?"

Phillips was conscious that Poleon Doret's eyes were dancing with laughter, and anger at his own weakness flared up in him.

"Why, no!" he lied bravely. "It will be a lot of fun."

Kid Bridges levelled a sour look at the speaker. "Some folks have got low ideas of entertainment," said he. "Some folks

is absolutely depraved that way. You'd probably enjoy a broken arm—it would feel so good when it got well."

The Countess Courteau's lip was curled contemptuously when she said: "Listen! I'm not going to be held up. There's a chance, of course, but hundreds have gone through. I can pull an oar: Pierce and I will row the first boat."

Doret opened his lips to protest, but Broad obviated the necessity of speech by rising from his seat and announcing: "Deal the cards! I stayed in on no pair: I don't aim to be raised out ahead of the draw—not by a woman."

Mr. Bridges was both shocked and aggrieved by his companion's words. "You going to tackle it?" he asked incredulously.

Lucky made a grimace of intense abhorrence in Pearce's direction. "Sure! I don't want to miss all this fun I hear about."

"When you get through, if you do, which you probably won't," Bridges told him with a bleak and cheerless expression, "set a gillnet to catch me. I'll be down on the next trip."

"Good for you!" cried the Countess.

"It ain't good for me," the man exclaimed angrily. "It's the worst thing in the world for me. I'm grand-standing, and you know it. So's Lucky; but there wouldn't be any living with him if he pulled it off and I didn't."

Doret chuckled: to Pierce he said in a low voice: "Plenty feller mak' fool of demse'f on dat woman. I know all 'bout it. But she ain't mak' fool of herse'f, you bet."

"How do you mean?" Pierce inquired quickly.

'Poleon eyed him shrewdly. "Wal, tak' you. You're scare', ain't you? But you sooner die so long she don' know it. Plenty oder feller jus' lak' dat." He walked to the nearest skiff, removed his coat, and began to untie his boots.

Lucky Broad joined the pilot, then looked on uneasily at these preparations. "What's the idea?" he inquired. "Are you too hot?"

'Poleon grinned at him and nodded. Very reluctantly Broad stripped off his mackinaw, then seated himself and tugged at his footgear. He paused, after a moment, and addressed himself to Bridges. "It's no use, Kid. I squawk!" he said.

"Beginning to weaken, eh?"

"Sure! I got a hole in my sock. Look! Somebody'll find me after I've been

drowned a week or two, and what'll they say?"

"Pshaw! You won't come up till you get to St. Michael's, and you'll be spoiled by that time." Kid Bridges tried to smile, but the result was a failure. "You'll be swelled up like a dead horse, and so'll I. They won't know us apart."

When Pierce had likewise stripped down and taken his place at the oars, Broad grumbled: "The idea of calling me 'Lucky'! It ain't in the cards." He spat on his hands and settled himself in his seat, then cried: "Well, lead your ace!"

As the little craft moved out into the stream, Pierce Phillips noticed that the Kirby scow which had run the Courteau boats a close race all the way from Linderman, was just pulling in to the bank. Lines had been passed ashore, and, standing on the top of the cargo, he could make out the figure of Rouletta Kirby.

In spite of a strong, steady stroke the row-boat seemed to move sluggishly: foam and debris bobbed alongside, and progress appeared to be slow, but when the oarsmen lifted their eyes they discovered that the shores were running past with amazing swiftness. Even as they looked, those shores rose abruptly and closed in, there came a mounting roar, then the skiff was sucked in between high, rugged walls. Unseen hands reached forth and seized it, unseen forces laid hold of it and impelled it forward: it began to plunge and to wallow, spray flew and wave-crests climbed over the gunwales.

Above the tumult 'Poleon was urging his crew to greater efforts. "Pull hard!" he shouted. "Hi! Hi! Hi!" He swayed in unison to their straining bodies. "Mak' dose oar crack," he yelled. "By Gar! dat's goin' some!"

The fellow's teeth were gleaming, his face was alight with an exultant recklessness he cast defiance at the approaching terrors. He was alert, watchful; under his hands the stout ash steering-oar bent like a bow, he flung his whole strength into the battle with the waters. Soon the roar increased until it drowned his shouts and forced him to pantomime his orders: the boat was galloping through a wild smother of ice-cold spray and the reverberating cliffs were streaming past like the unrolling scenery on a painted canvas panorama.

It was a hellish place; it echoed to a demoniac din, and it was a tremendous sen-

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sation to brave it, for the boat did not glide nor slip down the descent—it went in a succession of jarring leaps, it lurched and twisted, it rolled and plunged as if in a demented effort to unseat its passengers and scatter its cargo. To the occupants it felt as if its seams were opening, as if the boards themselves were being wrenched loose from the ribs to which they were nailed. The men were drenched, of course, for they travelled in a cloud of spume: their feet were ankle deep in cold water, and every new deluge caused them to gasp.

How long it lasted Pierce Phillips never knew: the experience was too terrific to be long lived. It was a nightmare, a hideous phantasmagoria of frightful sensations, a dissolving stereopticon of bleak, scudding walls, of hydrophobic boulders frothing madly as the deluge crashed over them, of treacherous whirlpools, and of pursuing breakers that reached forth licking tongues of destruction: then the river opened, the cliffs fell away, and the torrent spewed itself out into an expanse of whirlpools—a lake of gyrating funnels that warred with

each other and threatened to twist the keel from under the boat.

"Poleon swung close in to the right bank where an eddy raced up against the flood; someone flung a rope from the shore and drew the boat in.

"Wal! I never had no better crew," cried the pilot. "W'at you t'ink of 'im, eh?" He smiled down at the white-lipped carsmen who leaned forward panting and dripping.

"Is—that all of it?" Lucky Board inquired weakly.

"Mais non! Look! Dere's W'ite 'Orse." Doret indicated a wall of foam and spray farther down the river. Directly across the expanse of whirlpools stood a village named after the rapids. "You get plenty more, bimeby."

"You're wrong, I got plenty right now," Broad declared.

"I'm glad the Countess didn't come," said Phillips.

When the men had wrung out their clothes and put on their boots they set out along the back trail over the bluffs.

(To be continued in our next number—March 9th, 1918.)

ESPERANTO NOTES.

By the death of Dr. Emile Boirac, rector of the University and professor of philosophy at Dijon, one of the pioneers of Esperanto in France, has passed away. As president of the Esperanto Academy, Dr. Boirac guided with firm tact the deliberations of expert Esperantists of various countries, and, in spite of his university duties, found time to make several noteworthy contributions to Esperanto literature, among them being translations of Molière's *Don Juan*, and Leibnitz's *Monadologie*. His monumental French-Esperanto and Esperanto-French dictionary, in three volumes, is one of the standard books of reference for the more serious students of the language. Dr. Boirac it was who presided over the first Esperanto Congress at Boulogne in 1905, when people from many countries met together for the first time as Esperantists, and had any lingering doubts as to the practicability of the language finally set at rest.

From Finland it is reported that at the University of Helsingfors, the well-known linguist, Dr. Ramstedt, has been conducting a series of lectures on the subject of Esperanto as a guide in language science.

Many of the leading scientists in Helsingfors have been attending the lectures.

To the long list of towns where Esperanto is studied and used by interned prisoners of war must be added the name of Horseshod, in Denmark. A second course of lessons in the language has been started among the Russian internees, though how Russians come to be interned in Denmark is not explained. Danes living in the vicinity have also commenced to study Esperanto for the sake of mutual understanding.

In the interment camp at Krasnoyarsk, in Russia, and among the French prisoners at Wahn, in Germany, also, Esperanto is being taught; already at Wahn over 100 persons have learned Esperanto.

Since war broke out, the writer has been in correspondence with a Belgian soldier interned in a camp at Harderwijk, Holland, where he has learned Esperanto. Here are a few (translated) extracts from his letters; they may prove of interest to readers of this page:—"Harderwijk, 20/4/16.—As you hope, the Esperanto language is bringing joy and help to us, but the greatest joy that we who are interned find in it is, to

see real friends in every land. But before continuing my letter, I will make myself known to you, shall I? I was born in Liège, in Belgium. I have a sister, who is 28, and a brother 21; they still live in Belgium with my parents. French is my national language. Do you know it? Here I am a member of the Esperanto group, 'Hope, Peace and Progress.' In this group there are none but Belgian soldiers who are interned in Holland. Civilians, and soldiers who are not interned, are not eligible as members of our group. For this group we have a banner made entirely by ourselves, and also a journal printed in Esperanto by the printing equipment belonging to our camp. We entered Holland 10th October, 1914, after the fall of the city of Antwerp. We are here in a large camp containing 41 barracks, in each of which are 200 men. In order to pass the time we play games a little, listen to music, take walks across the fields, and we are learning a good deal of science, while some of us make various articles, such as penholders or brushes of bone, and rugs, and trinket-boxes. All these articles are sold at a high price to the Dutch, who greatly prize them. Nevertheless, in spite of our work, our music, our games and studies, in spite of everything, we cannot forget the war; our loved ones are never out of our thoughts."

"3/8/16.—In our camp we have about 250 Esperantists, but we increase the numbers from day to day, for every time that we start an Esperanto course we have to refuse students, because our class room is not large enough. It is principally from the gendarmes and the police that we receive the greatest number of pupils; that is fortunate, for it is a proof that our Government is interesting itself in Esperanto."

"18/1/17.—We have again opened a new class for Esperantists, and our king himself has written a fine, 'great' letter about it."

"6/2/17.—Our daily life here is always the same. The weather is very cold and very dry. The Zuyder Zee is frozen, and the ice is 140-150 centimetres thick. The fishermen are unable to fish now, and amuse themselves by skating on the sea. They skate very well, and it is wonderful to watch their games on the ice. What do you think of the Americans and Germany? It is thought over here that the Americans

will soon be fighting against our enemies. That will be good for us and bad for the neutral countries. Already Holland is short of provisions; if ships do not cross the seas, Holland must soon fight also or starve."

A new original novel in Esperanto, by Miss E. Alleyne Sinnotte, will shortly be published by the British Esperanto Association, under the title of *Lilio*. Miss Sinnotte, the former president of the Melbourne Esperanto Society, has made much use of Esperanto in travel, and is a keen student of its literature.

An Esperanto translation of the late Mr. W. T. Stead's work of psychic experiences, *How I Know the Dead Return*, has been published at Boston, U.S.A., by the local Esperanto Society. The translator is Mr. F. M. Goodhue.

Those who intend taking part in the literary competition of the Melbourne Esperanto Society are reminded that the closing date is the 28th February, when the manuscripts must be in the secretary's hands. Allowance will be made, however, for delayed mails. The manuscripts should be addressed, "Literatura Konkurso," Box 731 Elizabeth street, P.O., Melbourne.

The election of office-bearers for the present year of the *Komerca Esperanto Klubo* resulted as follows:—President, Mr. W. T. Slater; vice-president, Mr. W. H. Halliwell; secretary, Miss Amy Godfrey. The new office-bearers of the Melbourne Esperanto Society are:—President, Mr. J. G. Pyke; vice-president, Miss E. Alleyne Sinnotte, F.B.E.A.; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Roy Cohen. Mr. Pyke, the new president of the Melbourne Esperanto Society, is the author of several original Esperanto plays of a Shavian tendency, one of which appeared in the Paris Esperanto journal, *La Revuo*, and was recently performed in Copenhagen by Esperantists of that city.

Readers of STEAD'S REVIEW interested in Esperanto should communicate with the nearest Esperanto Society, "Komerca Esperanto Klubo," or "Esperanto Societo Melburna," both at Box 731, Elizabeth St. P.O., Melbourne; "Zamenhofa Klubo," 223 Stanmore Road, Stanmore, N.S.W.; Mr. W. L. Waterman, Torrens Road, Kilkenny, Adelaide; "Hobarta Esperanta Grupo," 7 Glen Street, Hobart; Mr. C. Kidd, O'Mara Street, Lutwyche, Brisbane; Mr. T. Burt, Stott's College, Perth.

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